

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,005

MARCH 2, 1889

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAHMIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,005.—VOL. XXXIX.

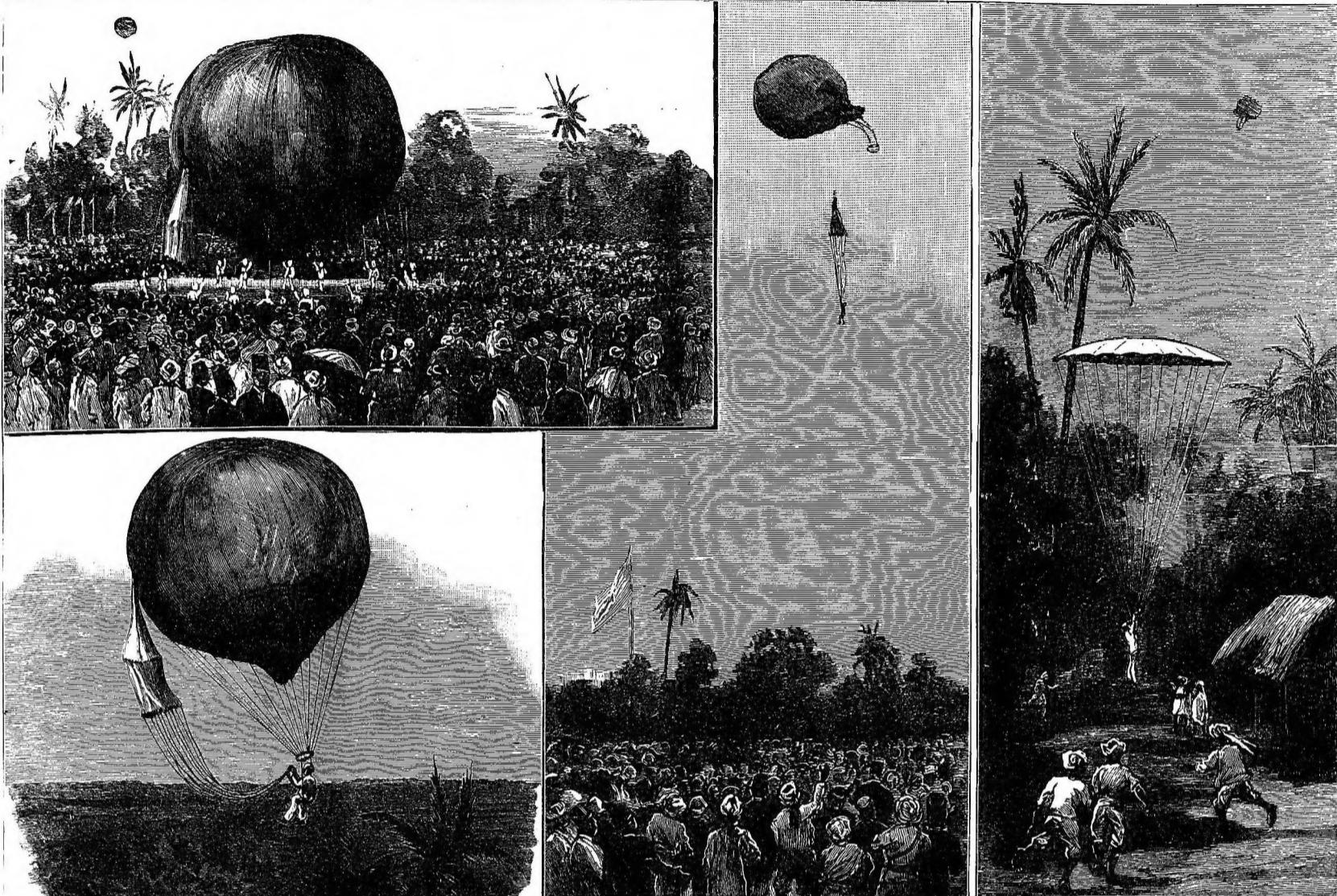
ÉDITION
Registered as a Newspaper
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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FILLING THE BALLOON IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE GROUNDS—A PILOT BALLOON UP

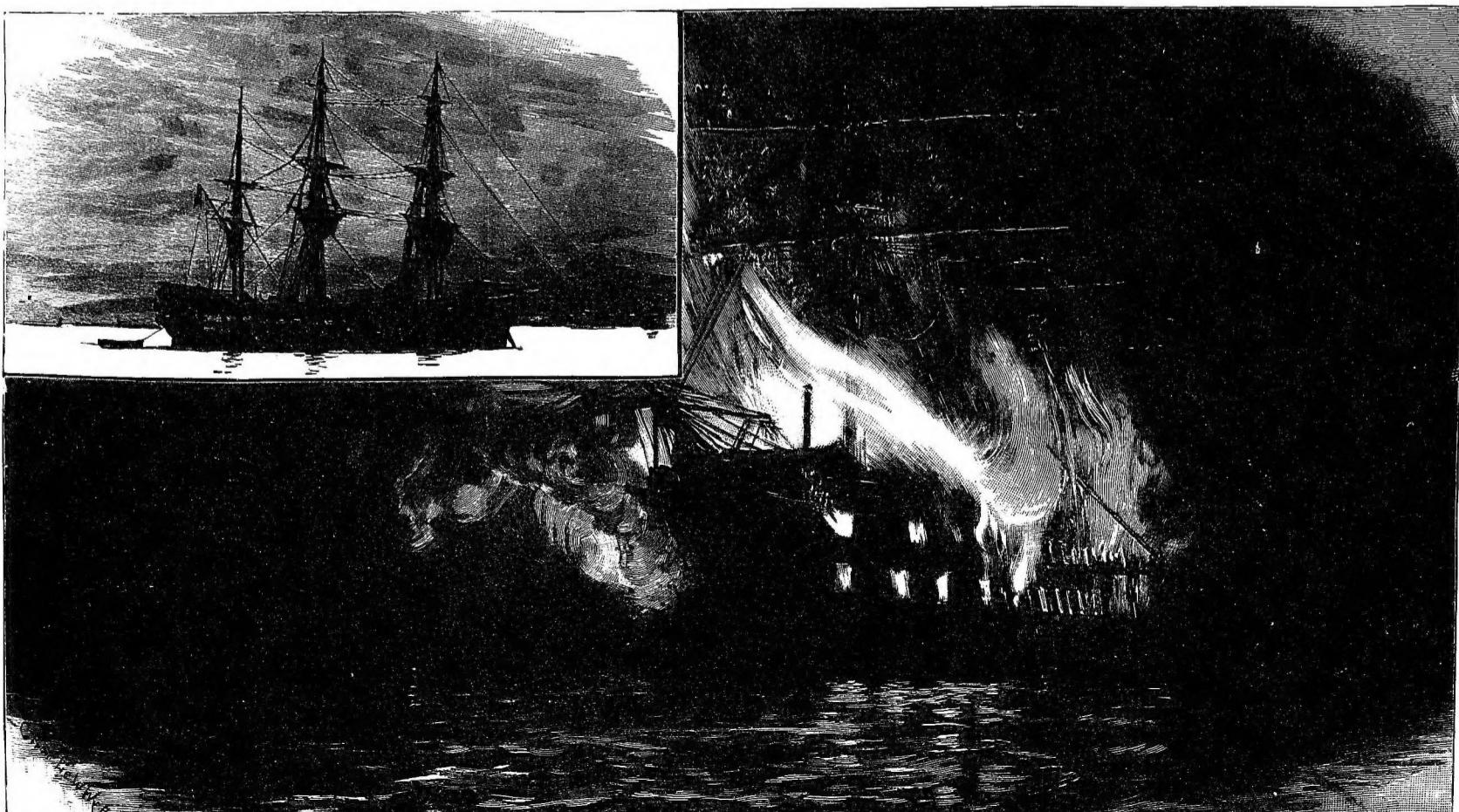


THE ASCENT

THE CRITICAL MOMENT

SAFE ON LAND

A PARACHUTE DESCENT AT BOMBAY



THE BURNING OF THE TRAINING SHIP "CUMBERLAND" ON THE CLYDE


 Topics of the Week

MR. PIGOTT.—As on several former occasions, the Home Secretary was not particularly happy in his replies when badgered at question-time by the Parnellite members and their allies concerning the disappearance of this remarkable personage. It is just now the cue of these gentlemen to describe the flight of Mr. Pigott as a crying scandal and a terrible calamity to their cause. Sir Charles Russell talked solemnly of a "foul conspiracy," in which, behind Pigott and Houston, other persons have been engaged. The frank withdrawal by Sir Richard Webster of the *Times* charges *re* the Parnell letters may induce him to retract this statement. However this may be, impartial observers can scarcely fail to note that Mr. Pigott's evasion was an opportune event for those persons against whom the charges of the *Times* were levelled. By his behaviour in the witness-box he did his utmost to discredit the *Times* case, and now he has put himself beyond the reach of further inconvenient questions. Turning to another aspect of the matter, it is quite pathetic to mark how the principal proprietor and manager of the greatest newspaper in the world have been led by this Will o' the Wisp into the depths of an Irish bog. The obvious lesson is that men who are exceedingly shrewd in the management of their own special business may act rashly and imprudently when they undertake an enterprise out of their own line. It is no part of the function of a newspaper to unmask alleged conspiracies. That is a matter for the State to look after. But, having embarked in such a perilous enterprise, the conductors of the *Times* ought to have known that when persons of their wealth and standing offer large sums of money for the production of compromising documents, such documents are certain to reach them from needy and unscrupulous persons. So it was in the Tichborne Case. Lady Tichborne advertised for a son, and lo! a son presently appeared—from Wagga-Wagga. In speaking thus, we are not merely wise after the event. Reference to our previous issues will show that we commented very cautiously on the celebrated "facsimile Parnell Letter." As to the authorship of that letter we neither offered then, nor do we offer now, any opinion, but we do say that it should not have been published unless it could be supported by unimpeachable testimony.

MR. BALFOUR AND THE IMPRISONED POLITICIANS.—Every one who is not a furious partisan must feel some sympathy with Mr. Balfour in his present most difficult position. On Monday, when he rose to reply to Mr. Morley, he was received with insulting cries; and even those who might be expected to understand the real nature of the obstacles with which he has to contend show little disposition to treat him fairly. Sir George Trevelyan, for instance, has had ample experience of the kind of attack to which an Irish Secretary is exposed; yet it apparently never occurs to him that there may be exaggeration in much of the wild talk which now goes on about the administration of affairs in Ireland. If we were to believe Mr. Balfour's opponents, we should think of him as a sort of cold-blooded monster who delights in cruelty for its own sake, whereas, of course, this is no more an accurate description of him than it was an accurate description of Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan in the days when these statesmen were objects of exactly similar abuse. All the same, it is to be regretted that Mr. Balfour has not seen his way to a milder interpretation of his duties than the one he has actually adopted. He maintains that the imprisoned politicians are not punished for merely political offences, and that it is right, therefore, that they should be dealt with as ordinary criminals. This view, however, does not commend itself to the judgment of the majority of the Irish people; and it is repudiated by the powerful English party which maintains its allegiance to Mr. Gladstone. Penalties which are regarded by a vast section of the community as excessive miss their real aim. They serve, not to mark the enormity of the offences for which they are inflicted, but to excite sympathy on behalf of the offenders. Mr. Balfour would have done much better work both for Ireland and for England if, in executing the law, he had kept steadily in view the important fact that public sentiment about these matters is divided. It may be hoped that even at this late date he and his colleagues will begin to see the necessity of giving to the expression "political offences" a wider meaning than they have hitherto been willing to attribute to it.

ATCHINOFF AND CO.—Whoever it was that furnished Captain Atchinoff with funds, the enterprise can scarcely have given satisfaction. A more wretched attempt to create political trouble was never made. The evolution of circumstances proved so keenly ironical that Frenchmen had to shoot down Russians at the very time when their respective Governments were seeking to cultivate ultra-cordial relations. One might almost suspect from this that Prince Bismarck had a hand in the business; we are rather surprised, indeed, that the St. Petersburg and Paris papers have not discovered Atchinoff to be an emissary from Berlin. Since their unerring instinct has not guided them to that discovery, we may assume that the Man of Blood and Iron

was guiltless of complicity with "the Hetman of the Free Cossacks." Who, then, was the promoter? The expedition must have cost a stiff sum from first to last, and, as Atchinoff was entirely destitute when he reached Russia from the bogus colony of Moskwa, it is clear that some one must have acted as paymaster. Perhaps it might not be discreet to push inquiry too closely on that point; already public opinion is sufficiently puzzled by the blindness and deafness of the Russian Government while the expedition was in course of preparation. No wonder that the Nihilists are able to keep their murderous plots secret, when this blatant adventurer could openly equip a number of men for a piratical enterprise. Either the rouble still has mighty force among the Czar's officials, or the Government cannot have been quite so ignorant as it pretends. It may be that if the redoubtable Atchinoff had succeeded in joining the Negus without any scandal *en route*, his conduct would not be so vehemently condemned on the Neva.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.—Switzerland excepted, Republics have not hitherto been very successful in the Old World. As a form of Government, the principle of hereditary monarchy possesses great advantages in Europe, where the structure of society is very complex, and where the inequalities between wealth and poverty are very great. Those, however, who believe in the advantages of having a Royal race should do their utmost to ensure that the physical and mental qualities of that race should be as good as possible. Such excellence is, however, scarcely likely to be attained so long as the Royal race is, as regards marriage, hedged in by all kinds of social and official restrictions, so that breeding in-and-in becomes a necessity. The decay and decline of the Bourbons is without doubt greatly due to this cause. And, as Princes are of like feelings and passions with other men, it must be a marvel if they can always be really in love with the exalted princess whom they have to select out of such a restricted circle. Yet Love in such cases is, or ought to be, a prime necessity, for marriage without it is apt to prove a disastrous failure. It is to escape from these formal and occasionally loveless alliances that morganatic marriages are contracted, but too often, because of their clandestine character, they turn out unpromisingly. Our plea here is for increased freedom. Why should a royal personage in these days be kept in a condition of bondage to which no member of the nobility would submit? The safety-valve of the morganatic marriage would be no longer needed; while the royal breed would be greatly benefited by the introduction of a fresh strain. The Battenbergs, for example, who are of morganatic origin, are superior, both in physique and energy, to a good many of their brethren whose lineage is wholly regal.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S ADDRESS.—The other afternoon Professor Max Müller delivered a remarkably interesting address to the students connected with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. He chose as his subject the obligations of the present to the past; and it is hardly necessary to say that he made out an excellent case for the maintenance, at our Universities, of the study of antiquity. He showed with his usual force and lucidity that we cannot fully understand even our own age without reference to earlier periods. There was, indeed, some exaggeration in his statement that it is impossible to enjoy the writings of Tennyson and Browning unless we have "breathed at school or at the Universities the language and thought of the ancient classics." That is disproved by the experience of a multitude of the admirers of these great poets. But it is true enough that the methods of modern poetry can be thoroughly understood and appreciated only by those who know something of the process through which they have been slowly evolved. Professor Müller had much that was suggestive to say about the origin of writing and arithmetic; and he probably surprised some of his hearers when he told them that we divide the hour into sixty minutes, and the minute into sixty seconds, "simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed by the side of the decimal system of notation another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties." Speaking of language, Professor Müller, as was to be expected, gave a glowing account of the light which had been thrown on many problems by the discovery of the affinities, going far back into the past, between various groups of languages. All this, of course, shows that mankind cannot afford to neglect the study of any great department of antiquity; but Professor Müller might, perhaps, with advantage have added a word to indicate that there are other kinds of research which, in these days, have also a claim on attention. Natural science is in the main a product of the modern intellect, and its importance does not arise wholly, or even chiefly, from the practical uses to which it can be applied. Like the study of literature and history, it is a great instrument of mental development; and it appeals powerfully to a considerable class of persons who are almost inaccessible to the influences which alone seem to Professor Müller to be worthy of a place in University training.

CONVERSION OF FOREIGN DEBTS.—Following the example of England, other countries blessed with National Debts are seeking to lighten the interest charges by conversion. Russia, Portugal, and Argentina have already made a beginning, and

if reports from Cairo may be believed, Egypt is about to exalt herself to the grade of a Four per Cent. country. It is natural that this should be the case. In spite of all the company-monger can do, capital continues to increase; and, as it grows, the demand for sound and reasonably sound investments becomes keener. But so long as the richest country in the world was content to accept a Three per Cent. standard of credit, the poorer and less stable nations had to adapt their standards to that. No sooner, however, did Mr. Goschen audaciously emancipate England from the tyranny of "sweet simplicity" than second-class stocks went up like the mercury after a storm, and thus afforded an opening for conversion. India has already taken the place of England as a Three per Cent. country, her issues of that denomination being now above par, while in the course of a year or two, all the leading British colonies will be able to borrow money on these cheap terms. It is a bad look out for the investor; he, at all events, has little cause to thank Mr. Goschen for setting the ball rolling to diminish incomes derived from public securities. But, on the other hand, there are many States where a reduction of 1 per cent. in the interest charge on their debts will be an enormous gain to the whole tax paying community. Balancing loss against gain, the world has, we think, reason to be grateful to Mr. Goschen for his cruel kindness.

FEASTING AND FASTING IN CHINA.—The people of this country are under various obligations to the Chinese. For many years past we have done a profitable and an increasing trade with them, and we have also on several occasions waged war against them for causes which would be scarcely deemed adequate according to the international Code of Europe. Many persons therefore felt that they were conscientiously bound to contribute to the relief of the famine-stricken provinces. But it cannot be denied that the wellsprings of this charity run some risk of being dried up by the accounts which reach us of the Imperial marriage ceremonies. To European ideas it seems little short of scandalous that two millions sterling should at such a time be lavished on the wedding of the young Emperor and Empress. And the sentiment of indignation is increased by the fact that the ceremonies in question were by no means especially gorgeous or magnificent, and that, whether splendid or the reverse, the public, in accordance with rigid tradition, were jealously forbidden to view the spectacle, which was only witnessed by the officials and soldiers—some pushing and inquisitive "white devils" from the restless West possibly excepted. How then can we account for the expenditure of such a large sum as two millions? It seems to have been devoted nominally to the purchase of presents for the Celestial Bride and Bridegroom, though without doubt a large portion of the money stuck to the fingers of various intermediaries. Nor was this money obtained from Chinese sources. The Imperial Treasury being quite unable to meet such a draft, the two millions were borrowed from foreigners, which, of course, means more taxation. Altogether, the ways of the Chinese are so peculiar that it is very difficult for a Western barbarian to understand them, still more to sympathise with them.

HUNGRY CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.—A meeting will shortly be held at the Mansion House for the consideration of the question whether means cannot be devised for the feeding of hungry children at our elementary schools. Complaints are often made about the slow progress of many of the boys and girls by whom these schools are attended. The evil is due in part to the very inadequate methods rendered necessary by the absurd system which compels teachers to cram their pupils for examinations instead of really educating them. But we must also take into account the fact that multitudes of poor children have to learn what are for them difficult lessons when they have not had enough to eat. How can we expect young brains to work well when they are not nourished by sufficient quantities of healthy blood? Hunger and learning cannot go together, and in trying to force instruction on a starving child a teacher can only implant the seeds of disease, or develop those which have been already implanted. It has frequently been proposed that School Boards should provide dinners for neglected children, but there are, of course, serious objections to this scheme, which would certainly not receive the sanction of the rate-payers. But there can be no reason why the matter should not be taken in hand by voluntary workers. A beginning has already been made, and all that is needed is that the claims of the undertaking should be pressed on the attention of the public, and that the efforts to cope with the difficulties of the question should be properly organised. A kitchen and dining *annexe* in connection with every elementary school which really required them would be not less important in their own way than the instruction of the schoolmaster. Those who could pay would of course be asked to do so. For the others provision would have to be made at the cost of charitable subscribers, and we do not doubt that all the money wanted for the purpose would be very readily contributed.

SWINDLING BY PERSONATION.—The student of criminal records is well aware that in crime, as in everything else, there is very little that is new under the sun. The painted bird trick, for instance, of which we have heard a good deal

lately, and the confidence trick, both flourished in the days of Queen Bess—and, for aught we know, may have been successfully practised in ancient Nineveh and Babylon. Certain forms of trickery, like zymotic diseases, seem to pass through cycles of increase and decline. This may simply be due to the fact that a trick too often repeated puts the public on its guard, and therefore must be laid aside for a season. The other day an ingenious gentleman, with a number of aliases, was charged with obtaining money from various persons under the pretence of being Mr. Edward Righton, the well-known actor. As the case is not yet decided, we say nothing about his presumed guilt or innocence; but it was rather a curious coincidence that within an hour of reading this we accidentally lighted on a remarkable story by the late Mrs. Mary Howitt contained in some reminiscences which she published in *Good Words*. It seems that about forty years ago she and her husband befriended one Edward Youl, who professed to be a Cambridge graduate, and introduced him to the late Mr. John Cassell, the founder of the great publishing firm, who gave him employment. Youl, however, afterwards repaid the Howitts' kindness with ingratitude, for, writing in Mrs. Howitt's name, and representing that she was in great pecuniary straits, he obtained large sums of money from such persons as Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Mr. Justice Talfourd, and Miss Burdett Coutts. Youl afterwards went to America, where he carried out similar frauds with such ingenuity that he was designated "The Prince of Swindlers."

VAGRANTS.—It is curious to reflect that there is still in England a considerable class which has a rooted dislike to anything like settled habits of life. These persons prefer to go about in vans and other vehicles, picking up a living in the best way they can by means of various hereditary industries. They are to some extent survivals of barbarism, and, like other barbarians, they have the advantage of being decidedly more picturesque than the inhabitants of towns—a fact which was well understood by Frederick Walker when he painted the exquisite picture, "The Vagrants," by which alone he is represented in the National Gallery. It is a mistake to suppose that they are as a class exceptionally miserable. During the winter they must have formidable difficulties, but with the coming of the spring they receive new life, and we may be sure that in the summer months they thoroughly enjoy the free life of the open air. The element of chance which attends their peculiar modes of providing for their daily wants probably gives zest to such pleasures as are within their reach. To try to force them to settle in towns would be a grave blunder, for they would inevitably gravitate towards the slums, and the slums would be a poor exchange for open spaces in the country. It is right, however, that they should be subject to some supervision; and we must, therefore, wish all success to the Bill which is to be reintroduced in Parliament for the registration and regulation of vans and other vehicles used as temporary dwellings. By means of this measure, if it becomes law, it may be possible to secure that the domestic arrangements of the vagrant class shall not wholly conflict with the conditions necessary for health, physical comfort, and decency.

COMMERCIAL COMBINATIONS.—The reply given by the First Lord of the Treasury to Sir George Campbell anent commercial combinations, shows that room still exists in our Statute Book for another law. But "interests" are so powerful in Parliament that nothing less than the leverage of popular wrath will ever obtain the missing enactment. Expressing the rooted aversion of himself and his colleagues for monopolies of the Salt Trust sort, Mr. Smith regretted that the Government was powerless to initiate action against the tyranny of capital. In olden times we managed things better; there were certain drastic enactments against "regulating" and "forestalling" which would have required very little stretching to meet this new evil. It is only beginning in a tentative fashion on this side of the Atlantic, but over in America the trust system overshadows and blights the whole world of commerce and industry. There are not wanting some shrewd observers to predict a great popular upheaval in the United States, directed against the monopolists who ruthlessly grind the faces of the poor. Mr. Smith bids us derive comfort from the reflection that no combination ever succeeds in permanently raising the prices of commodities. That may be, but they last sufficiently long to throw thousands out of employment by diminishing consumption, and to fleece the consumer to a pretty tune. And all for what? As a rule, merely that the rich and the well-to-do shall become richer and better-to-do. Here is a text on which Socialist orators might enlarge with advantage; they could make sure of carrying nine-tenths of the community with them, irrespective of party shibboleths.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—**MACBETH.**—Every Evening at 7.45—Overture, 7.40—Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.—**LYCEUM.**

COLOMBO THEATRE.—Last Night of THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, TO-NIGHT, at 8. Miss Kate Vaughan (especially engaged) as Lady Teazle; Mr. James Fernandez as Sir Peter; Mr. Lionel Brough as Moses. Miss Vaughan will dance in a minuet. KING RICHARD III., Shakespeare's tragedy, will be played SATURDAY, March 16. Duke of Gloster, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD. Box open next Monday.—Mr. E. D. Price, Manager.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S
GRAND DAY AND NIGHT FETE.
S. T. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.
NEXT THURSDAY, MARCH 7.
IN THE
AFTERNOON AT HALF-PAST TWO.
EVENING AT HALF-PAST SEVEN.
TWO MONSTER ENTERTAINMENTS.
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THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
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MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S
GREAT DAY AND NIGHT FETE
at the
S. T. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
NEXT THURSDAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT,
March 7.
For the convenience of families residing at a distance from London, Reserved Seats and Tickets for all parts of the hall may be secured by post if a Postal Order for the amount of tickets required, together with a stamped and directed envelope, is sent to Basil Tree, at the Box Office, St. James's Hall.

THE STUART EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS, &c., &c.
—Exhibition of Portraits, Miniatures, and Personal Relics connected with the Royal House of Stuart. Under the Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen. Open daily from 10 till 7. Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s.—New Gallery, Regent Street.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—Notice to Artists.—The Days for receiving Paintings, Drawings, &c., are FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, March 29, 30, and April 1st, and for Sculpture TUESDAY, April 2. Forms and Labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March on receipt of stamped and directed envelope.

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THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

JEPTHAH'S VOW.—By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES—JEPTHAH'S RETURN, &C. ON THE MOUNTAINS, &C. THE MARTYR—are NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI, ZEUXIS AT CROTONA, &c. at THE GALLERIES, 164 New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 1s.

TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The Orient Company will despatch their large full-powered steam-ship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,472 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on the 12th March for a thirty-seven days' Cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nissi, Malaga, Cadiz. The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with the Electric Light, Hot and Cold Baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers—F. GREEN and CO., ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

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A DROP FROM THE CLOUDS AT BOMBAY

THE first descent from a balloon in India after the manner of Professor Baldwin took place at Bombay on January 27th. The aeronaut was a young Englishman, Mr. Percival Spencer, who had created much excitement amongst the natives by the announcement that he would make an ascent in his balloon, the "Empress of India," and when attaining an altitude of 2,000 feet would leap into space and return to mother earth by means of a parachute. Accordingly an enormous crowd of some 100,000 persons assembled to witness the feat, and the aspect of the motley throng is stated to have been marvellously quaint and picturesque, the gaily-decked Orientals in all colours of the rainbow, and in a great many which the rainbow knows nothing about, walking, driving, riding, crowding along the dusty thoroughfares, surmounting hills, trees, and gates, and climbing on to walls and sheds and house roofs—in fact, upon any place whence a glimpse of the proceedings could be obtained. Mr. Spencer ascended from the grounds of Government House, Parel. At the word "let go," the balloon at once shot up like a rocket amid deafening cheers. When an altitude of 1,760 feet had been reached Mr. Spencer took the hoop of the parachute in his hand, and flung himself from the balloon. After descending with lightning-like speed for 150 feet the parachute expanded to its full extent, and then gracefully floated down the remainder of the distance, landing the aeronaut safely in the roadway a short distance from the grounds. On his return to the starting place, Mr. Spencer was most enthusiastically welcomed, and everybody crowded round him to give him a hearty shake of the hand. Mr. Spencer's parachute was twenty-five feet in diameter, was covered with tough raw flexible silk, and weighed about twenty-eight pounds. It was attached to the balloon by a thin line, the breaking strain of which was eighty pounds. Mr. Spencer's weight is almost double this figure, so that the line broke immediately he threw himself from the balloon.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. A. Truscott, s.s. Ceylon, Bombay.

BURNING OF THE "CUMBERLAND"

THE Clyde training-ship *Cumberland* was destroyed by fire on the morning of February 18th. There were on board at the time Captain Deverell, the commander of the ship, with his wife and family; the various officials connected with the vessel; and 390 out of the 400 boys on the roll, ten being absent on leave. The fire-bell was rung shortly after midnight, and Captain Deverell at once ordered that every one should leave the deck except the officers and the fifty boys who were manning the three pumps. Their efforts were, however, unavailing, the smoke poured up in suffocating volumes, the gas went out, and the progress of the flames was unchecked. Captain Deverell, therefore, ordered the boats to be manned, and every person on board was safely removed. The boys were temporarily taken on board the training-brig *Cambria*, which fortunately is laid up in the Gareloch during the winter months. Most of the officers lost their personal effects, and Captain Deverell is a sufferer to the extent of 1,100*l.*, of which only 300*l.* is insured. It is almost certain that the vessel was wilfully set on fire, and several of the boys are in custody. The *Cumberland* had on board 400 Snider rifles, coals, flour, and other stores. Altogether, with her fittings and stores, she was valued at about 27,000*l.* She was launched in 1842, and when in service carried seventy-one guns. She had borne the flag of various Admirals on several foreign stations, and was engaged in the Baltic during the Russian War. She was stationed in the Gareloch in May, 1869.

SHOOTING IN SCINDE

HYDRABAD, though a dull wild station, has its advantages over more civilised places, as regards shooting: duck, deer, (pura and chink), snipe, quail, and teal are to be got in abundance. Kutta is the place for duck, teal, and snipe, and is a very pleasant spot for a sporting excursion. As Kutta is about seventeen miles from Hyderabad, the journey is made on camels, and it is advisable to start early, usually by moonlight, so as to arrive in time for the wily "budduk," or duck. The early mornings in the duck season are very cold, a strong contrast to the midday. As the sun gains strength we gradually discard our wraps. The camel is a most uncomfortable beast of burden, to unaccustomed riders the jogging is terrible, but old hands even manage to doze on his uncomfortable back. The *chota haziri* (small breakfast) being over, we wade among long reeds in about two feet of water. The scenery is very pretty, and there are all kinds of birds about us—kingfishers, slate-coloured and white herons, besides many smaller birds. Large grey foxes and boars, too, may be seen stealthily creeping down to the water to drink. Retrievers of the canine species are a luxury in India, and shikar coolies are generally employed in their stead. Dogs are, as a rule, more intelligent. Tiffin, or lunch, is presently taken under the shade of the cactus. After tiffin another wade and bag, and then homewards, stopping by the way to shoot black partridges, and sometimes a "chink," or small deer, or a young wolf. The skins of the latter make very nice rugs. At last we arrive, just in time to hear the first bugle blow. Tub, change of dress, and dinner follow, concluding with a well-earned night's rest.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. A. W. Crawford M'Fall, Lieutenant King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Hyderabad, Scinde.

SIR JOHN KINLOCH, M.P.

THE vacany in the constituency of East Perthshire caused by the death of the sitting member, Mr. Stewart Menzies, was filled on February 19th by the election of Sir John Kinloch, who is of the same political complexion (Gladstonian Liberal) as his predecessor, and who defeated his Conservative opponent, Mr. Boase, by 1,716 votes. The excitement of the proceedings was increased by the arrest of an Irish Member, Mr. Carew, at Sir J. Kinloch's residence. The new member is the eldest son of the late Sir George Kinloch, the first baronet, by his marriage with Margaret, daughter of Mr. George Canning, of Arbroath, Forfarshire. He was born in 1849, and was educated at Cheltenham College, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1878, he married Jessie Montgomerie, eldest daughter of Mr. George Lumsden, of Edinburgh.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Milne, Blairgowrie, N.B.

PANTOMIME CHILDREN AT A REHEARSAL

M. RENOUARD's sketches this week need little explanation. In the "Lullaby" he shows a group of children performers surrounding Madame Katti Lanner at the pianoforte, and learning to sing "Hush-a-bye Baby" or some other of those popular nursery rhymes which so delight the juvenile portion of the audience when they are given forth by little Tommy Tucker, pretty Boopie, greedy Jack Horner, ill-fated Cock Robin, or the inmates of the House that Jack Built. In the sketch "A Few Moments of Rest" we have some of the elder and more ambitious lasses who, while resting a while from their labours, are probably day-dreaming of coming triumphs and of the time when, as *premiers sujets*, they shall make their bounding entry on a cleared stage, hailed by the plaudits of the stalls and the envy of their less successful comrades in the wings.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

THE Empress Frederick of Germany, together with her daughters the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, left London for Germany on Tuesday. The Empress and the Princesses were accompanied to Charing Cross Station from Buckingham Palace by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, and were escorted by a Captain's escort of the Household Cavalry. The *cortege* consisted of three open landaus, each drawn by four horses. In the first were the equerries, in the second the Princesses Sophie and Margaret, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and in the last the Queen, the Empress Frederick, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Victoria. The Princess of Wales, and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales were at the station, together with the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duchess of Albany and Prince Christian. A guard of honour of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, with the colours of the regiment, was drawn up, but as the proceedings were considered private the Queen and the Empress were saluted by the guard in silence, and the National Anthem was not played. The Royal party were received at the station by Sir Edward Watkin and other directors of the South Eastern Railway, and the Queen and the Empress took leave of each other on the platform, where the special train was in readiness, their Majesties being greatly affected by the parting, tears being visible in their eyes as they kissed and shook hands. Bouquets were presented to the Empress and Princess Sophie by Miss Alexandra Ralli and Miss Valier on behalf of the deputation of Greek ladies received recently by the Empress. The Empress then embraced her sisters, entered her carriage, the Princess of Wales bid her a last farewell, and at six o'clock the train started for Port Victoria, where the Empress and the Princesses embarked on board the Royal yacht, which left for Flushing next morning.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

See pp. 217 et seqq.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 221.



Mr. John Morley and

Mr. Henry Labouchere talk it over



The letters are submitted to Pigott, and he swears that they are in Mr. Parnell's hand-writing



Sir Charles Russell : "Do you feel ashamed of yourself?"—
"I do not." Sir Charles : "You do not?"—"I do not, sir, and it is scandalous to be so questioned. I affirm distinctly—" The President : "But, witness, we are the judges, irrespective of how counsel proceed."—Witness, (turning to the Judges) : "I beg pardon, my lord. What I say is, I think I ought to be allowed to say at once that I utterly deny that I forged these letters." The President : "Very well."—Witness (continuing) : "And that if I did so I should not be here." Sir Charles : "Not if you could help it." (Laughter).—Witness : "Why could I not help it?"—"You will hear presently, I think, Mr. Pigott."



Pigott : "Mr. Lewis assumed his severest manner. He sat on a chair and denounced me at once as a forger"



Mr. T. Wemyss Reid produces photographs of Pigott's correspondence with Mr. W. E. Forster



"Litera scripta manet"—The fatal pen : Sir Charles Russell : "Supposing you wanted to forge a document, would it be at all any help to you to have a genuine letter before you?"—Pigott : "Of course it would. There is no doubt about that." "How should you use it?"—"I should copy it, of course." "How would you proceed?"—"I can't say." "Just give us your best idea?"—"I don't pretend to any experience in that line." (Laughter) "What I mean is, just see how you would begin if you were called upon to forge a document?"—"I cannot do anything of the kind." "Theoretically?"—"I do not see any use in discussing theories." "Let me suggest to you. Would you, for instance, put delicate tissue-paper over it and trace it?"—"Yes." "But how would you proceed then?" (Laughter). "Oh, I don't know." (Laughter). "Supposing you had a genuine letter and you wanted to forge it, a delicate tissue-paper placed over it would, at all events, enable you to trace the characters?"—"That is the way you would probably do it." "But how would you?"—"I fancy I would trust myself to imitation."



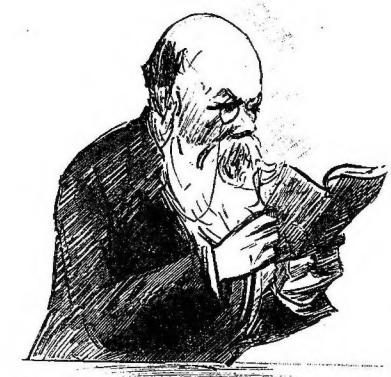
Pigott confronted with his letters to Archbishop Walsh. Sir Charles Russell : "Now, Mr. Pigott, pull yourself together"



Dr. A. Commins, Member for Roscommon (South)



Bryce, M.P., falls asleep on the bench; Mr. Justice Day lets fall all the photographs of the letters and wakes him



Mr. George Lewis, on behalf of Mr. Parnell, admits the genuineness of a letter produced

Pigott identifies his own pamphlet ("Parnellism Unmasked"). The Attorney-General: "I dare say you have looked through 'Parnellism Unmasked' by an 'Irish Nationalist'?" — Pigott: "Oh, yes." "Is it substantially your pamphlet?" "Yes."

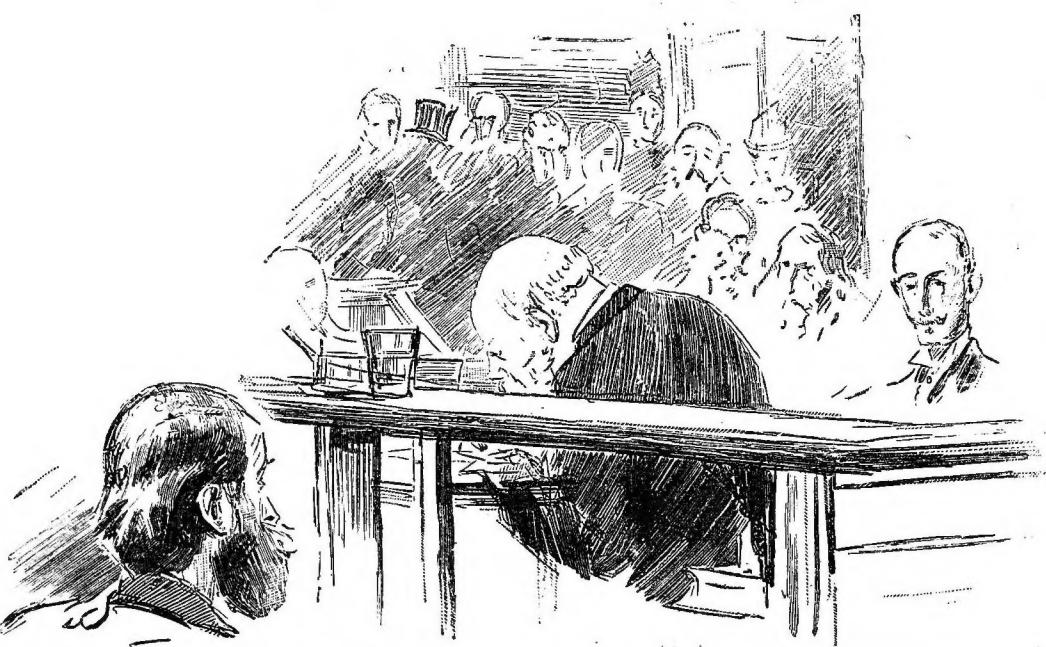
Mr. Houston: "I allege that I showed the letters myself to Lord Hartington"



The "Times" party watch the effect upon the Parnellites of Pigott's examination.



Sir Charles Russell cross examining Pigott as to his incorrect spelling of the word "hesitancy": "It got into your brain, and came out at your finger ends?"



Pigott writes the word "hesitancy," and spells it as in one of the letters alleged to be by Mr. Parnell. Mr. Parnell watches



Pigott during his examination-in-chief

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

THE earlier part of Wednesday, February 26th, was occupied in the cross-examination and re-examination of Mr. Houston, and also in the reading of certain documents which purported to be notes made by Mr. Pigott of a conversation which he had held with one Eugène Davis, and which, if genuine, connected the Irish Parliamentary leaders with the Phoenix Park murders, and also gave the account of a plot for the murder of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone. At 3.15 P.M. Mr. Richard Pigott, whose name had been



Mr. Shannon, the Dublin Solicitor who helped Mr. Soames to get up the case against the Irish Members. Sir Charles Russell: "Did you make enquiries about Pigott's character?"—Mr. Shannon: "Certainly not. I knew nothing against him."

so often already mentioned in previous evidence, entered the box. He is described as a well-dressed, white-bearded, bald-headed, benevolent-looking man, who gave his age as fifty-four, but looks much older. He became proprietor of the *Irishman*, a Fenian organ, in 1865, and was also a member of the Supreme Council of the Fenian Brotherhood. On this, and also on the following day (Thursday), Mr. Pigott related how he had obtained the various documents which formed the basis of allegations made by the

the implication being that Pigott was running at the same time with both hare and hounds. On the Friday, when the cross-examination was continued, Mr. Pigott entered the box with a somewhat nervous and dejected air. With reference to the Walsh correspondence, Sir C. Russell said: "Then you wrote lies?" "Well," replied the witness, "I should not say lies, but there were exaggerations." Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, literary executor and biographer of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, was then examined concerning a correspondence between Mr. Forster and Mr. Pigott,



Sir Charles Russell: "I do not wish to do anything which runs counter to your Lordships' view, but having the strong sense that I have of the iniquity of this case, I am determined, whether it is pleasing to your Lordships or not, to take every step I consider legitimate to bring it to the light of day and expose it."—The President: "All that should not be addressed to this tribunal."

in which the latter had asked for money in compensation for the services which his newspaper had rendered to the Loyalist cause in Ireland. Mr. Pigott was then further cross-examined concerning two mysterious strangers who had visited him, and offered him his own terms if he would expose in his paper the manner in which the League funds were expended. He was then very closely pressed about the misspelling in his own handwriting and in the letters attributed to Egan, and he came very lamely out of the ordeal. The details of this week's sitting will be found in our Legal column.

EDWARD GRIEG

EDWARD GRIEG, the Norwegian composer and pianist, was born at Bergen, in Norway, on June 15, 1843. He has, no doubt, inherited his musical talent from his mother, who was an able pianist, and from whom he received his first musical education. He began composing when he was nine years of age. When he was fifteen years old he travelled through Norway with his father, and the grand scenery of the country seems to have made a great and lasting impression upon his youthful mind. At the time Ole Bull, the eminent Norwegian violinist, heard Grieg play, and at his recommendation he was sent to Berlin to study. He remained there till 1863, when he went to Copenhagen. Here he met with his gifted townswoman, Nina Hagerup, who afterwards became his wife, and who, as no one else can, sings his songs—his "melodies of the heart"—with admirable feeling and effect. In 1864 Grieg visited Rome, and two years later he returned to the Norwegian capital, where he founded and for several years was the director of the Musical Association of that city. Since 1887 he has lived partly in his native town, in the neighbourhood of which he has now built himself a villa "far from the madding crowd." It is his greatest delight as soon as the concert season is over to return to this place and be a "Norwegian once more." Grieg, like his great countryman, Ole Bull, is above all a Norwegian. His finest compositions are undoubtedly those in which the national element prevails. We need only name "On the Mountains," the "Bridal Procession," and his remarkable "Peer Gynt" suite. His rhythm is nearly related to the national or "Folk" melodies of his country, which he has studied with great love and veneration.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

SERGEANT-MAJOR P. C. SHIPLEY, THE BEST SHOT OF THE INFANTRY OF THE BRITISH ARMY

SERGEANT-MAJOR P. C. SHIPLEY, of the 4th V. B. Manchester Regiment (late 3rd Manchester), who has just been declared the winner of the Army Match for the year 1888, is the only man in the Army who has been returned the winner of the coveted distinction twice.



Mr. Soames looking out correspondence between himself and Pigott

these words were similarly and wrongly spelt in certain documents which Mr. Pigott had put forth as the genuine handwriting of other persons, but which Sir Charles suggested were concocted and written by Pigott himself. He was then asked about a correspondence with Archbishop Walsh, in which he had proposed to defeat the designs for the accusation of Mr. Parnell and his friends,



In 1885 Sergeant-Major Shipley won the Medal with a score of 97 points, at 200, 500, and 600 yards; and again, in 1888, was at the head of the competition with the admirable score of 98 points, at similar ranges.

Sergeant-Major Shipley formerly served in the Rifle Brigade, and while with his regiment was well known as a marksman of the highest order.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Sauvy, 22A, King Street, Manchester.

THE LATE DR. HUEFFER

SEE page 213. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

THE THOROUGHBRED AND HACKNEY HORSE SHOW

HORSE SHOWS are always popular exhibitions; but at the present time, when the matter of horse-breeding is of such national importance as to afford subject matter for a Royal Commission, they are invested with more than a mere ephemeral interest. Especially is this the case with the Show held this week in the Royal Agricultural Hall at Islington, where a splendid array of thoroughbreds suitable for breeding hunters or hacks have been on view. The Show is organised by the joint efforts of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, the Royal Agricultural, the Hunters' Improvement, the Hackney Horse, and the Yorkshire Coach Horse Societies, and is particularly noticeable for the good display of that invaluable class of horse which, after all, is used by the greater part of the community for ordinary riding or driving—the ever-useful "hack." In our double-page illustration Mr. Charlton has given us some characteristic sketches of some hackneys, which, to judge by their admirable points and first-rate condition, might well be considered the "pick of the Show." People frequently use the word "hack" in a depreciatory sense, and the dictionary interprets it amongst other meanings as a "person accustomed to drudgery—often literary drudgery." For the future, however, to judge by the splendid "hacks" shown at Islington, even those unfortunate "persons" included in the literary category may take heart, and look upon the appellation as one rather of compliment than of contempt. The real derivation of the word hackney, we may add, is variously attributed to the old French *haquenee* (a pacing horse), the Spanish *haquena* (a nag), or the old Dutch *hakkenei* (a hacked or dock-tailed nag).



To use a familiar phrase adopted by Mr. Parnell in famous circumstances of far-off days, the House of Commons on Monday "took its coat off." Thursday and Friday were decently occupied with formal business, moving and seconding the Address, bringing in Bills, and in other ways clearing the decks for action. Late on Friday night there was a little explosion, which indicated the well-charged mine over which the House seemed placidly to rest. Mr. Parnell, rushing in just before eleven with news that Mr. Carew had had his hair cut and his head shaved in accordance with prison rules, hotly challenged Mr. Balfour, who, never loth for a passage-of-arms with any one who wants to fight, responded in his usual cool and, to the Opposition, irritating way.

On Monday the armies were set in battle array, and there were at least two speeches delivered at the fullest level of House of Commons oratory. One was by Mr. Morley, who moved an amendment to the Address, the other by Mr. Balfour, who promptly took up the glove. Mr. Morley's amendment was drawn up in a refreshingly uncompromising form. There was no beating about the bush or any circumlocution of phrase such as has marked the hostile movements of the present Opposition when their house has been divided against itself. "That the present system of administration in Ireland is unjust, violating the rights and alienating the affections of the Irish people," was the earliest statement of Mr. Morley's amendment. It went on to affirm that the Irish policy of the Government "incurred the reprobation and aversion of the people of Great Britain, and called upon Ministers to adopt such measures of conciliation as may bring about the contentment of the Irish people, and establish a real union between the people of Great Britain and Ireland."

Mr. Morley's speech, attuned to this clearly strung indictment, rose far above the level of his ordinary Parliamentary performances. Whilst they have never been lacking in finish, his speeches have struck the House as being better adapted to the class-room than to a popular assembly. Mr. Morley has never seemed certain of his audience, and has never, up to Monday night, got over that feeling of awkward restraint which marked and marred his maiden speech. But on Monday night, encouraged by the enthusiastic cheering of the crowded benches behind him, and triumphing in the discomfiture which threatened the Government in connection to the Parnell Commission, Mr. Morley threw into his Address a vigour and a spirit which, at once surprised and delighted the House. He is perhaps the only man on the Front Opposition Bench of whom Ministerial debaters speak with personal respect, and, though he hit them hard, they did not grudge him the applause his success extorted from his own side.

Mr. Balfour was unmistakeably handicapped by the circumstances of the hour. The fat figure of Mr. Pigott loomed over the Treasury Bench, and every now and then, with or without provocation or point, his name was loudly evoked by the hilarious Irishmen. "Pigott! Pigott!" they cried when Mr. Balfour stood at the Table waiting to commence his speech in reply to Mr. Morley, and it was only upon the stern rebuke of the Speaker that the storm subsided, and the Chief Secretary was permitted to speak. There was no note of surrender in his discourse. He defended the administration of his office from the highest to the lowest officer, not noting the derisive cheers from the Irish camp which hailed his indignant vindication of the Irish Executive, from the Resident Magistrates to the prison warders.

These two speeches lasted nearly up to the dinner hour, when the close attention with which they had been followed, and the exciting episodes by which they had been varied, seemed to have exhausted the House. Even Mr. Lockwood, who followed, could not command an audience; and Sir Horace Davey, rising at half-past seven to commence what proved a prodigiously long and amazingly dull speech, completed the demoralisation. It is amazing how a man whose almost supreme pre-eminence in his own section of the Bar is unchallenged should manage so utterly to fail to catch the attention or influence the opinion of a popular body like the House of Commons.

On Tuesday proceedings in the House of Commons were further demoralised by the climax of the tragedy long in progress at the Probate Court. Hours before the House met it was known that Pigott had fled, and members hurried down to Westminster with the expectation that something would be said on the all-engrossing subject. It was noted that Mr. Parnell was not present. But that was not strange, it being the Irish leader's habit to absent himself on occasions when current events bring his name most fully under notice. Mr. Healy was in his seat, and took the earliest opportunity of recurring to the subject that filled every one's mind. He wanted to know what the Home Secretary was doing to secure Pigott's arrest, and how it came to pass, since the witness was under police protection, that he had been allowed to escape. But the Home Secretary knew nothing of the matter beyond what he had read in the papers, and sharp cross-examination of the Treasury Bench resulted in nothing fresh.

After this the debate on Mr. Morley's amendment was resumed by Colonel Saunderson, who made one of those slashing speeches which have established for him a peculiar reputation. As he spoke

the House was crowded on both sides, and continuous peals of laughter greeted his sallies. On the question of the imprisonment of his fellow members the Colonel's opinion was narrowly defined and clearly expressed. "Why did they go to gaol?" he asked, and answered, "Because they wanted to do so." They conscientiously believed they ought to go, and the Colonel, for his part, could suggest no reason why they should ever be let out. Mr. John Dillon supplied the foil to this humorous view of the situation. He was as sombre as Colonel Saunderson was bright, as fierce in his denunciation of Mr. Balfour and all his acts as the Colonel had been uncompromising in his support of them.

Mr. Dillon spoke for nearly two hours, and between them these two speakers occupied more than three hours of the full measure of eight which could by any possibility be devoted at the sitting to the debate. When Mr. Dillon resumed his seat, the attendance hopelessly fell away, and was not to be summoned back even by the eloquence of Sir George Trevelyan or the official utterances of Mr. Stanhope, who wound up the debate.

On Wednesday afternoon the Debate was renewed; but it was carried on by the smaller fry, for a considerable succession of speeches were delivered in an almost empty House. The climax was reached when Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, having discoursed at length, extended his remarks beyond the hour of adjournment, and thus succeeded in gaining the prized position of first place on resuming the Debate on Thursday. Mr. Chamberlain had been waiting for this, intending to move the adjournment when Mr. Shaw-Lefevre sat down. But on Friday he was obliged to be content with the second place. The Division will be taken at this (Friday) night's sitting, but too late for the figures to appear in the current issue of *The Graphic*. The result is a foregone conclusion in a majority for the Government. But in the dramatic circumstances of the day the Division list will be curiously scanned.



POLITICAL.—The Peace Society has issued, against the contemplated measures for National Defence, a protest marked by a bitterness of invective which has hitherto been generally absent from the manifestoes of that well-meaning body. For instance, speaking of past expenditure on the army and navy, they pronounce the only certain result arrived at to have been that "more profitable contracts would be secured by favoured parties, and that more pensioners and sinecurists would be placed (and permanently placed) upon the official staff," while, with striking inconsistency, they say elsewhere in the document, that "Great Britain has a navy nearly equal to that of any two of the other Great Powers combined." A memorial to the same effect having sent by the Society to Mr. Gladstone, he replies that he sympathises not only with its objects but its tone. The assurances, however, with which he seeks to propitiate the favour of the Peace Society are characteristically guarded and qualified:—"It is certainly," he writes, "not from me, nor is it, I believe, from the leading men of the Liberal party that you will have to apprehend any leaning to excess in connection with the military or even the naval establishments of the country."—Lord Wolseley took the chair at the annual dinner of the North London Rifle Club, of which he is president, and, when proposing the Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces, said that, during the time the present Government had been in office, they had done more for the Army and Navy than any Government which had existed in his time.—Replying in the negative to an invitation to attend the annual meeting of the Free Land League, Mr. Chamberlain represents himself as most desirous that an experiment should be made in Great Britain of the Ashbourne Act in order that we may ascertain whether there is any demand in this country, as in Ireland, on the part of the tenants to become the owners of their land.—Mr. Slagg (G), M.P. for Burnley, having resigned his seat, the Gladstonians have brought forward as their candidate Mr. Spencer Balfour, who, being unopposed, will be returned to-day (Saturday).—The polling in the Barnsley Division of the West Riding is fixed for Monday, March 11th.

AS REGARDS THE EVICTIONS ON THE HAWARDEN ESTATE. Mr. Gladstone has written to the *Times* that it does not belong to him, but to his son, who is an absolute, not a limited owner, and that "no person at Hawarden has by law or force been expelled from his habitation." At a meeting of the Hawarden tenantry, at which one of the principal speakers was a Conservative, a resolution was adopted censuring the charge which had been brought against Mr. W. H. Gladstone as a landlord.

THE MANSION HOUSE FUND for the relief of the sufferers by the famine in China amounted at the beginning of the week to more than 16,000*l.* This is in addition to the fund for the same object promoted by the China Inland Mission, to which 4,000*l.* has been contributed.

A WEEKLY COLLECTION COMMITTEE, which is to meet once a month at the Mansion House, has been appointed to promote the Penny Weekly Collection for the Hospital Saturday Fund.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lady Gavan Duffy; in his eighty-first year, of Admiral Lord Dunsany, a representative Peer of Ireland, who is succeeded in the Peerage by his eldest surviving son, the Hon. J. W. Plunkett, M.P. for South Gloucestershire; in his sixty-fourth year, of Sir Charles Du Cane, Chairman of the Board of Customs, and formerly Governor of Tasmania; in his sixtieth year, of Lieutenant-General Elkington, since 1885 Governor of Guernsey, who had seen active service in many parts of the world, and from 1880 to 1885 was Deputy-Adjutant-General for the Auxiliary Forces at head-quarters; in his eighty-first year, of Captain William J. Eastwick, formerly of the Indian army, and Deputy-Chairman of the East India Company, late member of Council for India; in his 64th year, of Mr. Charles Edwards, formerly M.P. for Windsor; in his ninety-eighth year, of Mr. George T. Gollop, of Strode Manor, Dorsetshire, one of the oldest landowners in the kingdom, the translator of "Eichhorn's Introductions to the Old and New Testaments"; in his forty-first year, of the Venerable Walter E. Matthew, Archdeacon of Colombo; of the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, since 1813 Rector of Ashill, Norfolk, who is said to have been the oldest clergyman in England, and would have attained one hundred years of age, had he lived until to-day (Saturday); in his sixty-second year, of Mr. Frederick Leslie, late British Consul at Moscow; and, much regretted, of Dr. Thomas Maguire, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Lecturer in Greek and Latin composition in Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was a distinguished alumnus, formerly Professor of Latin in Queen's College, Galway. He was an ardent Unionist, and, besides works on the Platonic philosophy and philosophy in general, he wrote two pamphlets, "England's Duty to Ireland, as plain to a Loyal Irish Roman Catholic," which had an enormous circulation, and "Reasons Why Britons Should Oppose Home Rule." Dr. Maguire died in London, whither he had come as possibly to be called to give evidence before the Special Commission on Parnellism and Crime. His name, it may be remembered, was mentioned by Mr. Houston, when cross-examined before that Commission, as one of the persons who had aided him financially in his investigations.



A PASTEUR VACCINATION INSTITUTE is being planned in Rome.

THE REGULATION STEP IN EUROPEAN ARMIES is longest in the German Army, shortest in the Russian. The Belgian march is the slowest—110 steps to the minute.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL BY TELEGRAPH is held weekly on an American railroad. The superintendent asks the class questions over the wire at different stations, prayers are said and a chapter in the Bible read—all by wire.

FIELD MARSHAL VON MOLTKE keeps the seventieth anniversary of his entering the German Army on the 12th inst., and the members of the Staff Corps intend to give him a splendid album containing portraits of every officer who has served under the veteran. Notwithstanding his great age—eighty-eight—Von Moltke is as devoted as ever to music, and seldom misses a Court concert, or any musical entertainment of importance. But he can rarely now touch the piano, though he was formerly a first-rate performer, playing the best classical compositions from memory.

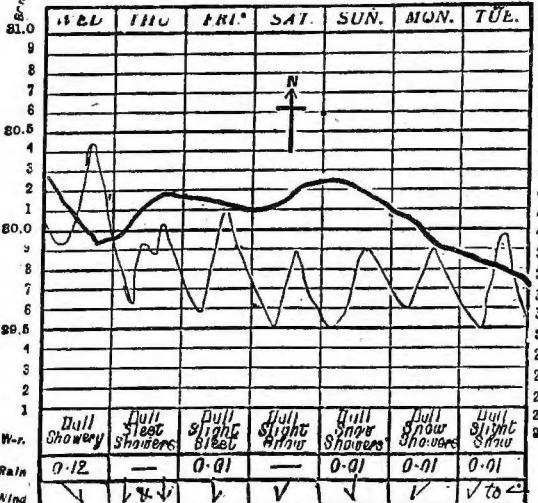
ARTISTS OFTEN SIGH FOR THE SECRET OF THE RICH LAST-ING COLOURS used by the ancients. A French chemist has been analysing the famous Alexandrian blue on some fragments of a mosaic from Pompeii, and he finds that the pigment was composed of sand and carbonate of chalk subjected to a very high temperature, and mixed with copper. He has exactly reproduced the tint by this mixture. Alexandrian blue is the most "fixed" colour known, however, and was manufactured in the time of the Ptolemys, being introduced into Italy early in the Christian era.

THOSE PARISIAN DOMESTIC TYRANTS, the *concierges*, can no longer oppress the tenants by petty annoyances and neglect. After long suffering the worm has turned, a venturesome lodger has brought test action against an obnoxious *concierge*, and the Civil Tribunal of the Seine has returned a decision which has horrified the whole class of Cerberi. The judgment enacts that the *concierges* must deliver all letters to the tenants in their apartments directly on arrival; that they are bound to open the door at all hours of the day and night; that every landlord may be legally compelled to discharge a neglectful *concierge* immediately; or, if he tolerates that functionary's insolence or neglect after formal protest from his tenants, he is liable to an action for damages.

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION AT WASHINGTON next Monday absorbs American attention. Apart from the political side of the subject, Transatlantic Society is excited over the actual show, and particularly about the big ball in the evening, which survives all the arguments of the pious objectors to dancing. The ball will be held in the huge new Pension Building, decorated gorgeously with national flags, coats of arms, and eagles galore. An immense floral ship of state, a three-master thirty feet long, will hang from the central dome, while a massive globe of flowers will be suspended at the door where the Presidential party enter the ballroom. This globe is to open when President Harrison steps beneath, and shower scented blossoms over the new President. The ball invitations and programmes form most elaborate souvenirs of the entertainment—three artistic sheets of etched views of Washington, portraits of the President and Vice-President, and plans of the ballroom, &c., all tied with ribbons. Meanwhile the Cleveland farewell receptions have been crowded, the guests waiting for hours outside the White House. On one occasion Mrs. Cleveland shook five thousand hands in five hours, and then had to give in and retire.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (26th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been changeable generally, and while squally, rainy conditions prevailed at first, passing snow showers and very cold weather were experienced towards the close of the time. During Tuesday and Wednesday (19th and 20th ult.) pressure was highest over France, and lowest in the neighbourhood of the Baltic, fresh to light North-Westerly winds being felt over Scotland and Ireland, and moderate Westerly breezes elsewhere, with very dull and rainy weather in most places. By Thursday (21st ult.) the highest pressures were found in the extreme West, the low pressure system in the East still holding its position. The winds now drew into the North generally, and fell somewhat lighter, and while temperature decreased in all places, some improvement in the weather set in as the day advanced. No material change in these conditions was observed on Friday (22nd ult.), except that the sky again became very cloudy, but by Saturday (23rd ult.) the highest pressures had been transferred to Scandinavia, and a depression was lying over Germany. The winds now became North-Easterly in most parts of the United Kingdom, and showers of cold rain, hail, or snow were experienced very generally. On the East Coasts of England the North-Easterly wind blew freshly at one time. Between Sunday and Monday (24th and 25th ult.) pressure was highest in the extreme North-East and over our West Coasts, while the depression over Germany was slowly filling up. The prevailing winds drew from between North and East, and were light in force, while the sky continued densely overcast, and frequent showers of snow were experienced generally. At the close of the week a decided fall in the mercury had taken place over our Islands, and while North-Easterly breezes still prevailed in Scotland and at many of the English Stations, fresh South-Easterly winds had set in over our South-Western Coasts and in Ireland. Snow showers still fell in many places, with cold, cloudy weather generally. The highest temperatures ruled above 50° at several of the Western and Northern Stations during the first part of the week, but fell below 40° over the greater part of the country towards the latter part of the time. Rather sharp frost was felt over South-Eastern England after the middle of the period.

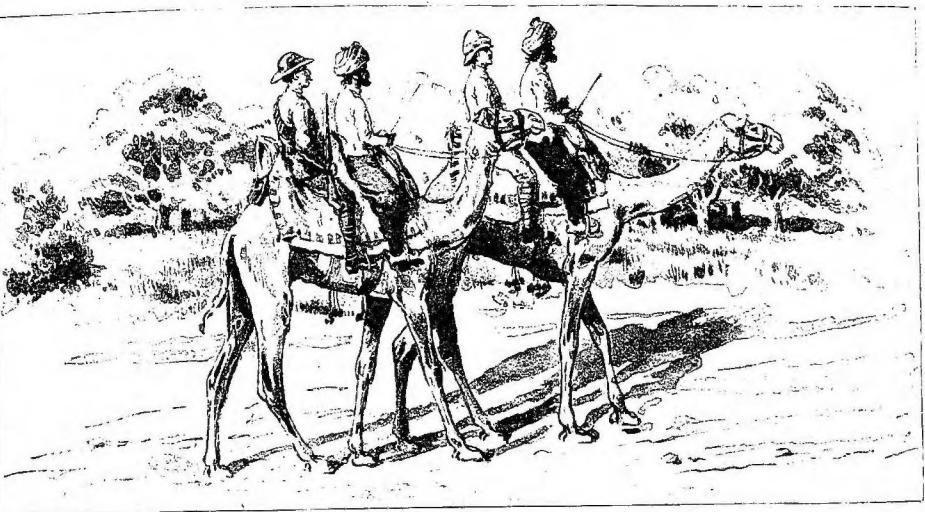
The barometer was highest (30.30 inches) on Wednesday (20th ult.); lowest 29.72 inches) on Tuesday (19th ult.); range 0.58 inch.

The temperature was highest (49°) on Wednesday (20th ult.); lowest (30°) on Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday (23rd, 24th, and 26th ult.); range 19°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.16 inch. Greatest fall on one day 0.12 inch on Wednesday (20th ult.).



THE START: 6 A.M., AND VERY COLD. HOT TEA (CHOTA HAZIRI) AND WRAPS, AND A LITTLE EXCITEMENT AS TO THE PROSPECTS OF THE DAY'S SHIKAR



ON THE ROAD: NEARING THE SHOOTING GROUND. GETTING WARM, AND THE LONG CAMEL-RIDE BECOMES MONOTONOUS



GAME CARRIER AND GENERAL SHIKARI—
SCINDEE RETRIEVER



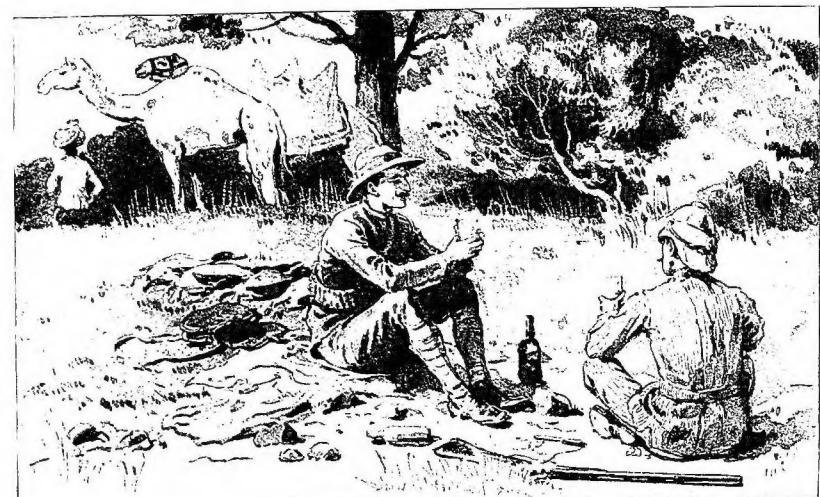
SHIKAR BEING CONSIDERED VERY THIRSTY WORK, A "PEG" IS SUGGESTED BEFORE COMMENCING



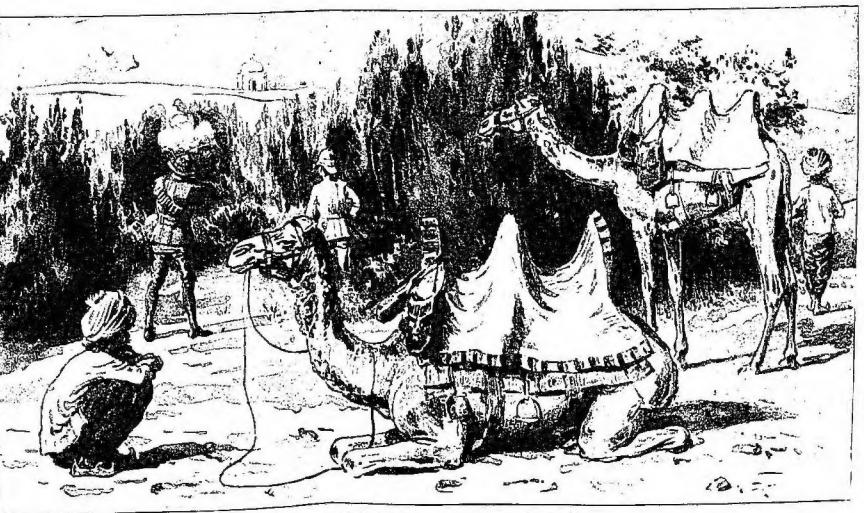
AMONGST THE BUDDUCK



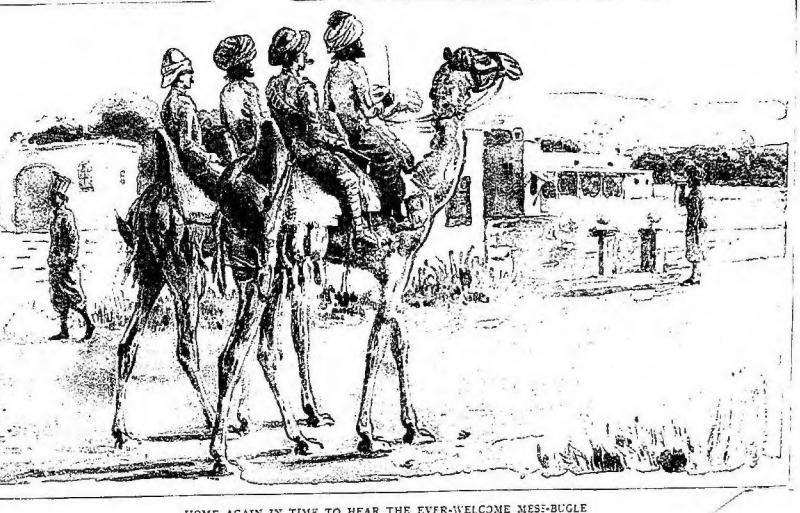
IN A "MAKAHN" WAITING FOR DUCK. "BUDDUCK, SAHID HAI!"



TIFFIN TIME; "WISH WE HAD BROUGHT SOME MORE SODA, NOW"



SHOOTING "CHINK" AND PARTRIDGE ON THE WAY HOME



HOME AGAIN IN TIME TO HEAR THE EVER-WELCOME MESS-BUGLE



FRANCE has got her "Exhibition Ministry," though whether the various political parties will curb their respective animosities and allow even a business Cabinet to enjoy the sweets of office until September is a grave matter of doubt. The new Premier is M. Tirard, whose last Ministry dismissed General Boulanger from his command, and who consequently cannot expect much consideration from the Boulangists. The other Ministers include such old Parliamentary hands as M. de Freycinet (War), M. Constans (Interior), M. Rouvier (Finance), M. Spuller (Foreign), M. Yves Guyot (Public Works), and Admiral Jaurès (Marine), the remaining Portfolios being taken by M. Fallières (Public Worship), M. Faye, (Agriculture), and M. Thévenet (Justice). This combination of the Moderate sections have been very coldly received by the generality of political writers; but, in his Ministerial declaration, M. Tirard appealed to all parties for co-operation in the two great tasks which he and his colleagues had undertaken—"To vote the Budget of 1890, and to assure by a broad tolerant and wise policy the success of the Universal Exhibition, which will show in our industrious and pacific France the accumulative wonders of the art, industry, and work of all peoples." M. Tirard, however, does not fail to promise that he will "resolutely take all measures which will assure a maintenance of legal order and the respect due to the Republic by counteracting, and if necessary repressing, 'factional enterprises.'" The first act of the new Ministry fulfilled this promise, as a grand Socialist demonstration, which was announced in Paris for Sunday, was prohibited by M. Constans, and, thanks to "stringent precautionary measures," the leaders considered prudence the better part of valour, and obeyed the Ministerial dictates.

The Cabinet have accepted the Budget of their predecessors, and will not meddle with the income-tax scheme so ardently advocated by the Radicals. The latter are continuing their anti-Boulangist campaign, and on Tuesday they introduced a Bill preventing any Parliamentary candidate from standing for more than two electoral districts simultaneously, and enacting that if a Deputy resigns he can only put up again for the same electoral district, and other restrictions upon the action of any politician who wishes to secure a *rébiscite* on his own account. As for General Boulanger himself, he declares that he is quite satisfied with the new Ministry, which may be trusted to play into his hands, and prepare the way for his speedy advance to power. Some amusement has been excited by General Boulanger submitting to have his thoughts read by Mr. Stuart Cumberland. The General was first asked how long he considered M. Tirard would remain in power, but replied that he could not concentrate his thoughts upon a man who, according to his idea, is non-existent. Mr. Cumberland then asked how long M. Carnot would remain President, and, taking the General's hand first, wrote three. On being told that this was incorrect, he then wrote six, followed by the word "months," which was admitted to be correct. Next Mr. Cumberland requested the General to look at a map of Europe, and imagine that he was at the head of an army, which he wished to move to a certain place on the Continent. Then being blindfolded, Mr. Cumberland took the General's hand, and traced a route from Paris to Stuttgart—the very town the General had mentally decided to besiege. In PARIS the chief social topics have been the progress of the Exhibition, of which the works are now making much headway, and the floods, which have done considerable damage in the city and its vicinity. Some of the Exhibition buildings on the Quai d'Orsay have been half-submerged, at Poissy the summer restaurants have been almost entirely covered, while the denizens of some of the islets have had to fly for their lives.

In RUSSIA there has been much comment upon the failure of Captain Atchinoff's "Red Sea Cossack Expedition," and the very prompt action of the French Admiral Olry. It appears that the Cossacks had settled at Sagallo, near Tadjourah, on the Red Sea, which is French territory. The French Cabinet asked the Russian Government the true status of Captain Atchinoff, and was informed that the Russian Government held entirely aloof from the enterprise, and that "the Cossack Atchinoff" could in no way claim the support of the St. Petersburg Government. Thereupon Admiral Olry was instructed to summon Atchinoff to conform to established rules or to quit French territory. This Atchinoff bluntly refused to do, hoisted the Russian flag, and claimed a right to remain at Sagallo. Admiral Olry then bombarded the Russian position, killing five and wounding five of Atchinoff's followers, and, upon the white flag being hoisted, seized all the arms and ammunition, and virtually made the Cossacks prisoners, who, it was subsequently decided, should be sent back to Suez—thence to be forwarded to their own country by the Russian authorities. The Russian official press pronounce France to be wholly in the right, and throw the whole of the blame upon Atchinoff; but the general public are by no means so complaisant, and numerous journals express much indignation at the shedding of Russian blood, and are exceedingly ironical in their remarks on the value of French friendship. This is particularly the case in Slavophile circles, as the money for the ill-fated expedition is well known to have been furnished by the old Muscovite war party, who were anxious to create some international complications by which Russia should profit. According, however, to the report of a captain of a Russian cruiser writing from Port Said, the Cossacks must have been most undesirable personages. Captain Atchinoff was living in the best hotel and playing roulette while the members of his party, including the priests, were sleeping in the streets, dirty, ragged, and, in most cases, intoxicated. They are described as a disgrace to Russia, and the captain states he refused to take them on board.

The Afghan Question continues to be briskly discussed in St. Petersburg, and the movements of Abdurrahman on the frontier are keenly watched and criticised. The Ameer is charged with creating blood feuds on the border, and in consequence it is reported that the Khan of Bokhara's troops have taken up a position on the Southern frontier, where the Russians have no garrisons. Although the strictest orders have been given to the Russian military authorities to avoid a collision, it is generally felt that there is great danger of an outbreak of hostilities, especially as it is known that while diplomatic circles are anxious that peace should be preserved, military circles would like to seize the opportunity of reading the Ameer a sharp lesson, and by a signal victory impress him with a proper sense of Muscovite power, and so put an end to all hostile action on his part for the future. He is consequently credited with all sorts of hostile aims, and British assurances of his peaceful intentions are put aside with the simple remark that England has not so much control over his motives as she professes to have.

The "Battenberg marriage project," which scarcely twelve months since caused so much excitement in GERMANY, has had a singular *dénouement* in the morganatic marriage of Prince Alexander with Fräulein Amalia Loisinger, a handsome and talented singer at the Darmstadt Court Theatre. This lady, who is twenty-three years of age, is of humble origin, her father having been valet to an Austrian Field-Marshal; but she is of irreproachable character. The marriage took place at a town in the Riviera on February 6th, and is regarded in certain political circles as an agreeable solution to two

difficulties. There can now, of course, be no further question of the Prince's marriage to the Princess Victoria; and the step is further looked upon as a renunciation of all pretensions to re-ascend the Bulgarian Throne. The Prince has practically resigned his princely title, and has received permission to call himself Count Hartenau for the future. The young couple will reside abroad, and it is said that the Prince will take service in the Austrian Army. There is little other news from Germany, save that the powers conferred in Eastern Africa on Captain Wissmann have now been published. By these, if necessary, he can demand "modification of any orders of the East African Company which may seem of a kind to disturb the natives, or infringe the treaty rights of other European nations. If your demand be not complied with," his instructions continue, "you can temporarily suspend the order objected to by your veto. You are also entitled, in urgent cases, to dismiss officials of the company in the interests of amity and of good relations with the natives." Captain Wissmann reached Cairo on Monday, and intended to recruit force of some hundred blacks for service on the East Coast. Dr. Carl Peters has left Berlin for Zanzibar, whence he intends to start with his Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

In EASTERN EUROPE the chief incident has been the discovery of a revolutionary plot against King Milan and the Servian Government, which was unearthed at Bucharest by the Roumanian authorities. The papers seized are stated to seriously compromise the leaders of the Radical party. The object of the conspirators was to restore the Karageorgevitch dynasty, and the funds are reported to have been derived from Panslavist sources. The negotiations for the much-talked-of commercial treaty with Bulgaria have been suspended, as the Bulgarians decline to allow the importation of cattle from Servia.

In INDIA there appears no probability of any speedy settlement of the Thibetan dispute, but it is stated that the Chinese Government have ordered an official of high rank to proceed to Lhassa as chief Ampa. The Looshai expeditionary force is still engaged in road-making, and will not begin any extensive operations until after the rainy season in November. In BURMA the railway was formally opened at Mandalay and Rangoon on Wednesday. A special train was to leave Rangoon on Monday for Mandalay, with a large number of personages representing the commercial, professional, and official classes, and would return to Rangoon yesterday (Friday). Desultory fighting still continues at various points, the districts around Bhamo are in a very disturbed state, but the troops under Lieutenant King have routed a large dacoit band near Yenangyoung, while another success has been gained by the military police on the Moo River.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—RUSSIA is issuing a loan of 28,000,000z. for the conversion of her Five into Four per Cent. Stock.—On the WEST COAST OF AFRICA the "German Colonial Society" to exploit Damara Land, with a view to gold fields, has come to avowed grief, and at present Prince Bismarck refuses to accord any assistance or support to his gold-seeking compatriots.—In SOUTH AFRICA President Krüger, of the Transvaal, and President Reitz, of the Orange Free State are to meet on Monday at Potchefstroom, to discuss the federal union.—The UNITED STATES have admitted four new States into the Union, and the national flag will now number forty-two stars. The new States are North and South Dakota, and the Territories of Washington and Montana. President Cleveland has signed the Bill empowering the President to protect the interests of the United States in the Isthmus of Panama. Matters are naturally not very flourishing in the Isthmus itself, and thousands of labourers left last week. Work on the Canal is almost stopped, with the exception of what is necessary to avoid the risk of forfeiting the concession to the company.—The Emperor of CHINA was married on Tuesday.—In NEW ZEALAND, Te Kooti having declined to abandon his march to Poverty Bay, troops have been sent to the Gisborne district to oppose his advance.



THE QUEEN has visited town this week. Before leaving Windsor, Her Majesty entertained numerous visitors at the Castle. On Sunday, Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick, and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Archdeacon Farrar preached. The Royal party came up to Buckingham Palace on Monday morning, and in the afternoon the Queen and the Empress Frederick visited Mr. Boehm's studio to see his statue of the late Emperor Frederick, and also the equestrian Jubilee statue of the Prince Consort. In the afternoon the Empress Frederick bade farewell to a few private special friends. Later in the day, the Queen visited the Duchess of Cambridge. On Tuesday, Her Majesty held the first Drawing-room of the season, attended by the Princess of Wales and daughters, Princesses Christian and Beatrice, and other members of the Royal Family. Subsequently, the Empress Frederick and daughters left on their return to Germany. The Queen remained in London till Wednesday, when Her Majesty returned to Windsor with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Royal departure for Biarritz is now definitely fixed for Tuesday, March 5th. Princess Beatrice and Marquis of Lorne will open the Children's Hospital at Leicester in May next.

The Prince of Wales will stay another week at Cannes. He witnessed the Battle of the Flowers last week, and spent two days at Monte Carlo with Sir Frederick Johnstone at his villa. Returning to Cannes on Saturday, the Prince presided at the weekly dinner of the Cercle Nautique, and accompanied the Duke of Cambridge on Sunday morning to service at St. George's Church, subsequently dining with Captain and Mrs. Vyner. On Monday the Prince dined with Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid. He will preside at the banquet in celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Royal Colonial Institute, at the Hôtel Métropole, on the 13th instant. He will also open the new head-quarters of the Artists' Rifle Volunteers, Duke's Road, Euston Road, this month, and will leave Marlborough House on the 27th inst., for Liverpool, and be the guest of the Earl and Countess Sefton, at Croxteth Hall, till the following Saturday. The Princess of Wales and daughters came up to town from Sandringham on Saturday, and in the evening went to the Lyceum Theatre to see *Macbeth*. On Sunday they attended Divine Service, and on Tuesday were present at the Drawing-room, and in the evening went to the Comedy Theatre. They afterwards returned to Sandringham. Prince Albert Victor has enjoyed some capital hunting whilst staying with Lord Zetland at Aske Hall, Richmond. He comes to town to preside tonight (Saturday) at the Festival of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress. The Prince has promised to be present at a ball and reception given by Mr. Arthur Wilson, M.F.H., the Sheriff of Hull, at Hull, on the 4th inst., and the following day will be the nest of Mr. Wilson at Tranby Court, and will hunt with the Holderness Hounds.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and family have gone to Sicily for a short visit. The Duke will return to Malta to formally relinquish his command of the Mediterranean Squadron, and bring home his flagship, the *Alexandra*.



"THE DREAM OF JUBAL."—Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's Jubilee Cantata, *The Dream of Jubal*, written especially for the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and produced by them last month, was introduced to London at Novello's Concerts on Tuesday. The composer, who, by the way, has amusingly enough been confounded by the Paris *Société* with Sir Morell Mackenzie, himself conducted. The chief parts were again sung by Misses Macintyre and Lehmann, Messrs. Lloyd and Black; and Mr. Charles Fry ably recited the dialogue, which it will be recollected, Dr. Mackenzie has so fully accompanied by elaborate and ever-varied orchestration. We gave a full account of *The Dream of Jubal* when it was produced at Liverpool. At the London performance its merits were as manifest as its defects. Every one could admire the delicious little "Song of the Sickle," which Mr. Lloyd sang so charmingly, the Church music, and the barbaric March; while, on the other hand, most auditors probably found the love duet fragmentary, and the soprano solo uninteresting. The task set to Dr. Mackenzie was, however, almost a hopeless one. No single composer, even among the great masters of the past, would be competent to do full justice (in a work lasting barely ninety minutes in performance) to such varied and important subjects as the music of the church and the harvest-field, triumph and the chamber of death, the billing and cooing between lovers, and a funeral march on the death of a hero. In the face of so large an order, we can indeed only marvel that Dr. Mackenzie has done so well.

EDWARD GRIEG.—This eminent Norwegian composer and pianist has made his re-appearance at the Popular Concerts, where his poetical and fanciful music, in which the Norwegian national element plays so important a part, has formed an agreeable change from the ordinary classical repertory. For his solos Grieg selected some of his most characteristic works, including a Norwegian dance, entitled "Stabbe Lat," from his *Norwegian Folk-Songs*, and two of his "Scenes from Norwegian national life," viz.:—*On the Mountains*, and the scene in which *The Norwegian Bridal Procession* gradually approaches, and as gradually dies away in the distance. Far better from a musical point of view were his two duet sonatas, one the early work in F, played on Monday, with Lady Hallé, and the other the beautiful sonata in A minor, in which the composer was, on Saturday, associated with Signor Piatti. No less remarkable was the singing by the composer's wife, Madame Grieg, of eleven of her husband's Norwegian songs.

DR. STANFORD'S NEW SYMPHONY.—Professor Villiers Stanford's new Symphony (No. 4) in F, produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, is based upon the motto, "Thro' youth to strife; Thro' death to life." Although his work is programme music, pure and simple, Professor Stanford has wisely avoided confining himself to any particular plot or story. His music affords reflections, in the vivacious though somewhat diffusive first movement, upon the subject of youth, its pleasures and aspirations; and upon manhood, with its worries and trials, for which, in the second movement—by the way, the composer has utilised the theme devoted, in the *Edipus Rex* music, to the woes of the House of Edipus. The third movement opens with the anticipations of death, and in the latter part the catastrophe itself is supposed to take place. Death is, however, presented in no terrible form, but in its sense of the "Gate of Life." This third or slow movement is a singularly beautiful composition, and is by far the best section of the symphony. The full meaning of the last movement, which opens with a regular folk-song, was at the first hearing not quite clear, although its cleverness was always apparent. So far as the public were concerned, the work achieved an undoubted success, and the composer was warmly applauded, and bowed his thanks from the gallery. Miss Fanny Davies played; and Miss Fillunger, the vocalist, gave an admirable rendering of Schubert's "Die Almacht," which Otto Grimm has taken the liberty to score for orchestra.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—Signor Mancinelli's *Isaiah* was represented at the London Symphony Concerts for the first time in London last week. Mr. Barnby adored reverentially with the work, and had faithfully observed the composer's wishes as to cuts, although he hardly conformed the composer's *tempo*, which at Norwich were rather difficult to follow. The ability displayed in *Isaiah* is undoubtedly, although so unconventional a composition, in which the remarkably beautiful is mingled in too small a proportion with the pretentious and the ugly, is hardly likely to become generally popular. The duets between the two Hebrew women will of course always charm by the purity of true Italian melody. Less interesting solos, and the lengthy declamation of the prophet Isaiah, proved tedious, and the success of the evening was carried off by the choir, who gave a very fine rendering of the chorus of Hebrew Elders, and of the two lovely choruses of Israelitish women. The scene in which the maidens are wending their way back from the Assyrian camp to Jerusalem was indeed rendered in most realistic and effective fashion.—On Monday Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was given by the Hackney choir under Mr. Prout.—On Saturday Mr. Hall's *Dante's Vision* was performed as a degree "Exercise" at London University. As is usual in such cases, its principal features were a lengthy and highly elaborated overture, the obligatory double *fugue*, and an effective choral setting of a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer.—On Wednesday at the London Symphony Concert the Leeds Philharmonic Choir, which everybody who has heard them will acknowledge to be one of the finest body of voices in England, were announced to take part in Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* music and in Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Little Otto Hegner gave his third Recital on Monday. His programme was composed of smaller works, demanding less brain power than technical facility, and hence it was the most successful of the series. The young pianist was at his best in transcriptions by Tausig and Liszt, and in Liszt's version of *The Flying Dutchman* Spinning Song which he played for an encore.—At the last Henschel Recital the programme was devoted exclusively to the music of Mr. Henschel, including two new songs delivered respectively by his talented wife and by Mr. Shakespeare.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Carrodus, the Royal College and Royal Academy Students, Miss Dora Bright, Mr. de Lara, and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—We regret to hear that Mr. Henschel proposes to relinquish the London Symphony Concerts, which, although more successful than before, do not pay their expenses.—Madame Patti will leave London for Paris to-day (Saturday), *en route* for South America. She will return in August, and will give three London and seven provincial concerts in October and November, then going to the United States. After her return in May, 1890, she is already booked for two concerts under Mr. Kuhe and several under Messrs. Harrison.—Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sailed on Thursday for a tour in the United States, and will not return till October.—M. Rubinstein has, it is said, agreed to undertake a tour of forty concerts and pianoforte recitals in the United States next year.—A scheme to give Verdi's *Otello* at Her Majesty's Theatre, under a syndicate with Mr. Carl Rosa at its head, has been abandoned.



THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.—EXIT MR. PIGOTT.—Seldom has there been such a sensation produced inside and outside an English Court of Justice as on Tuesday, when, at the opening of the proceedings before the Special Commission, it was announced that Richard Pigott, whose cross-examination was to have been proceeded with, was not forthcoming, having left his hotel on Monday afternoon and not having been seen or heard of since. The reason for his disappearance was soon made apparent when Sir Charles Russell stated that on Saturday last Pigott sought, uninvited, an interview with Mr. Labouchere, and, in his presence and that of Mr. George Augustus Sala, signed a written confession to the effect that all the famous letters given by him to Houston were forgeries. The text of the confession was not produced in Court until Wednesday. In it, Pigott avowed that both the first and second batches of letters were forged by himself with the aid of genuine letters of Mr. Parnell's and of Egan's. Among the several witnesses examined on Tuesday in connection with Pigott's disappearance was a Mr. Shannon, a Dublin solicitor, who has been employed under Mr. Soames to get up the evidence for the *Times*. He saw Pigott on Saturday and Sunday evenings, after the confession made to Mr. Labouchere. On the latter evening, Pigott wrote Shannon a letter, the statements in which were afterwards embodied in an affidavit formally sworn to by Pigott. The chief of these statements was that the first batch of eleven letters were bought by him from Casey in Paris, and were, so far as he knew, genuine. He admitted, however, that the two letters in the second batch purporting to be from Mr. Parnell were forged by himself and Casey, and that one of Mr. Davitt's and Mr. O'Kelly's, in the third batch, were forged in the same way. His excuse for telling a different story to Mr. Labouchere on the Saturday was, that when he told it he was afraid of a prosecution for forgery, and that Mr. Labouchere promised him, that if he made the confession then signed by him, he would not be prosecuted, and 2,000/- would be given to his children by the Parnell party. Among the very miscellaneous proceedings of Tuesday was a declaration by Sir Charles Russell that his clients would still insist on the matter being gone through, and because he made deliberately the charge that "behind Pigott and behind Houston there had been a foul conspiracy." At another stage of Tuesday's inquiry Sir Charles also said that he was ready with a witness from Glasgow who would prove that Pigott had committed forgeries for a series of years. Both Mr. Soames, the solicitor for the *Times*, and Mr. Lewis, the solicitor for the Irish party, were examined on Tuesday. Mr. Soames declared that he had done everything in his power to see that Pigott should be in Court, and had turned a deaf ear to his applications for money. Mr. Lewis said that he had fully expected to see Pigott in the witness box. On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Lewis, accompanied by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Labouchere, applied for a writ of habeas corpus, and received, a warrant against Pigott on a charge of perjury. The informations on which the warrants were granted stated that so far back as October last Pigott had informed Mr. Lewis and Mr. Labouchere separately that he was the forger of the letters. The *finale*, as regards the dispute as to the genuineness of the letters, came on Wednesday, when the Attorney-General rose and admitted that he could not maintain them to be genuine, expressing on the part of the *Times* regret that they had been published, and denying that his clients had any share in the "foul conspiracy" referred to on Tuesday by Sir Charles Russell, who thereupon intimated that he would ask the assistance of the Court in an inquiry as to whether Houston embarked on this adventure on his own account and responsibility. Mr. Parnell then went into the witness-box and swore that he had never seen the letters alleged to be his before they were published in the *Times*. Early in the proceedings of Wednesday a brief note was produced, dated from an hotel in Paris, in which Pigott told Houston that he would soon write again.

A DECISION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE to the *employés*, past and present, of the East and West India Dock Company has been given by Mr. Justice Chitty. An application was made for the payment by the receivers and managers of the Company, appointed under the Railways Act, 1864, of the pensions, amounting in all to some 14,000/-, voluntarily granted by the Company to about 118 superannuated *employés*. It was opposed by some debenture-holders and creditors of the Company apparently as not authorised by the Act referred to. The Judge said that in the exercise of the wide discretion left in his hands he was called on to act as if he filled the position of an intelligent Board of Directors who had to do their best to promote the general interest of the Company. Being satisfied that a system of pensions operated in the past history of this Company for its good, and that with reference to the future a reasonable system of pensions fell within the orthodox principles of good management, he would, without being in any way influenced by sentimental reasons, authorise a continuance of the payment of the pensions until further order.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY CLUB erased from its books the name of one of its members because he had not to their satisfaction refuted the allegation that he was a shareholder of the company owning the Field Club, and that *baccarat* was played there. He asked the Chancery Division for an interim injunction to restrain the Committee from forbidding him access to the Club. Mr. Justice Kay refused the application. The High Court of Justice was not, he said, a Court of Appeal from the decisions of committees of clubs, unless they did not act in accordance with their rules, or if such action were not *bona fide*, or if the rules were contrary to natural justice. Whether the Committee acted rightly or wrongly in this particular case it was not for him to decide, but they had acted on their rules, and had done nothing *ultra vires*, nothing contrary to natural justice, nothing in bad faith.



THE EARLY WEEKS OF SPRING are hard on sheep farmers for two reasons. Firstly, that the old pasture is generally quite exhausted by this time, even on the hills, and the new has not begun to start, even where a special crop has been prepared for by an original sowing of an early variety of grass. And secondly that at no other time of the year are ewes in such need of a good supply of nourishing food. The lambs come on soon if the season is at all open, and if they are not well fed at the outset the profit in the end will be against the farmer, and not with him. It is, therefore, a matter of great good fortune that roots have lasted very well this winter, most farmers still having plenty. The lambing season has begun in earnest in Southern England, and a good fall is reported from the principal districts.

OATS have been fetching such a miserable price for the last two years, and the competitive production in Sweden and North Russia

—on lands which will grow no other cereal—is so large, that, in reply to several inquiries on the subject, we cannot advise English farmers to sow more oat land than their own stock and horses are likely to consume the produce of. Scotland and Ireland are in a somewhat different category, as the average price of oats in those countries keeps up a level of 20s. or over, and the means of transit are locally too dear and difficult for foreign competition to be felt with the same crushing weight as in England. Where oats are sown, four bushels to the acre should be allowed, and a strong phosphate manure applied wherever a heavy crop is sought: 3 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia, 2 cwt. of sulphate of potash, and 4 cwt. of superphosphate, to every two acres is as good a mixture as we know.

BARLEY should now be sown with as little delay as possible. From two to four bushels is the usual allowance of seed to the acre, according to the quality and location of the land, and also the texture and state of the soil at the time of sowing. In every case the quantity of seed should be increased this season by half a bushel, for it is difficult to get even a single bushel of uniformly bright colour and healthy appearance, and allowance for sterile grain must be made accordingly. Where the land sown has previously been occupied by turnips which have been fed to sheep, the manure thereby obtained for the land will be sufficient, but where barley is being sown after wheat—a course of action which has more to recommend it than many farmers are aware—there should be a liberal application of any good nitrogenous manure, within three weeks of the date of sowing.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.—On Monday a butter-making competition was held at Chippenham, all the competitors being students in the Society's Dairy School at that place. Much interest was manifested in the proceedings, and there was a large attendance of agriculturists, the building—the Corn Exchange—being crowded in every part. Thirty-two students competed, in two detachments. There were eight ordinary prizes and one "championship." The latter fell to Miss K. Richmond, of Kington, near Chippenham.

THE GLASGOW STALLION SHOW.—There was a capital display of Clydesdales at Glasgow, last week. The weather was favourable, the attendance larger than usual, and the gate-money amounted to 320/-, representing an entry of 6,400 persons, besides members of the Glasgow and Highland Societies, who went in free. One feature, however, was a disappointment: the Society gives but one prize for a stallion to travel the district instead of two prizes as last year. This effects a saving of 50/-, but the Society, being very fairly prosperous, might well have continued its former generosity. There were 228 entries of horses, and the new system of judging—two referees, with an umpire—worked very well indeed. The three-year-old stallions were, perhaps, the strongest of the classes, but the aged horses and also the two-year-olds called for commendation. The new class of thorough-bred stallions, though small, was good, and attracted much attention.

THE FAT STOCK SHOW, now in progress at Paris, is notable for the exhibition of a fine young steer, thirty-two months old, weighing nearly 21 cwt., without being over-fattened. Its breed is a cross of Shorthorn and Charolais. Some of the prize cattle will be slaughtered and cut up under official and scientific inspection, and a report issued as to the proportions of lean meat, fat, &c. This is usually done every third year, and in its completeness of details is far in advance of any "block" or other test yet attempted in this country.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.—A butterfly (*U. urticae*) was taken on the wing on the 19th of February at Woodbridge Abbey, in Suffolk.—Pallas's sandgrouse, which was very plentiful last year, still lingers. A specimen was shot "by mistake for a dove"—by a rather curious sportsman, we should imagine—at Shirley, near Croydon, last week.—Owing to the mild February, hares have begun to breed much earlier than usual this season. Birds, on the other hand, appear to be less precocious.—The Norfolk Stallion Show has just been held, and was remarkable for the large entry of excellent hackneys.—The use of carrots as an alternative ration for horses seems to be growing in favour. The price is now 30s. per ton.—Potatoes of good quality at 4/- per ton are cheaper than the outturn of last year's crop might have led one to expect.



DR. JAYNE, formerly Vicar of Leeds, was consecrated Bishop of Chester in York Minster on Sunday last. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of York, who was assisted by the Bishops of Carlisle, Ripon, St. David's, Sodor and Man. The responses in the Communion Service with which the proceedings began, were sung to music composed by Miss Thomson, a daughter of the Archbishop.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND during 1888 amounted to 23,000/-, being nearly 7,500/- more than in the preceding year. The Rev. H. Kirk has been appointed its clerical, organising, and general secretary.

A FUND of 10,000/- is asked for by the Church Association. At the close of a meeting recently held in London 1,215/- was subscribed in the room, making, the *Record* says, a total of 5,061/- subscribed towards the sum asked for.

AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, a paper on Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's scheme for the erection of an annexe to Westminster Abbey, previously referred to in this column, and on the effect of such a structure on the Abbey buildings, was read by Mr. Somers Clarke, who pointed out how the destruction of old buildings might be avoided, and expressed the opinion that if this were done the scheme had more advantages than any yet promulgated. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre said that he was committed only to the advocacy of a chapel in the position specified in the Bill which is to be brought before Parliament this Session. The details objected to by Mr. Clarke were not essential, and were matters for future discussion. Among the speakers was the Dean of Westminster. A resolution was unanimously adopted cordially approving of the scheme as a whole, while requesting the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to use all their efforts to preserve every part of the ancient buildings in their charge from destruction and unnecessary restoration.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON has granted an application from the Vestry of St. Pancras for a Supplemental Faculty authorising the conversion of the Camden Town burial ground into a public garden, with the proviso that none of the tombstones are to be interfered with in the absence of an application to him, and of notice given to the persons interested.

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN has, as in former years been appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—At the sale of Lord Hopetoun's library this week a copy of the famous Mazarin Bible, the earliest book printed with moveable types (*circa* 1450-55), was sold for 2,000/- It had been put aside at the back of a cupboard with books and papers as an "old Bible" of no particular account, when it was discovered and its value recognised in the course of the preparation of a catalogue of

the library by a member of the firm of literary auctioneers entrusted with the sale of the collection.

MR. SPURGEON has returned, with renewed health, from Mentone, and officiated last Sunday at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.



THE OLD BOND STREET GALLERY

TOGETHER with many good drawings by living painters, the Water-Colour Exhibition just opened at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery contains examples of the work of nearly all the earlier Masters of the School. A large proportion of them, including some of the best, have, however, appeared here before, and some very recently. Turner is represented by an early and carefully finished drawing of "Great Malvern Abbey," and by two smaller works of his best period, "Val d'Aosta" and "Tintagel Castle," in each of which a transient effect of light is rendered with unsurpassable power. George Barret is seen quite at his best in two large classical landscapes, "Afternoon" and "Evening." Both are poetical in feeling, and exquisitely harmonious in composition and colour. Of many good works by David Cox, a view of "Rivaule Abbey," suffused by warm evening light, and a fresh and luminous study "Near Bettws-y-Coed," are perhaps the best. De Wint's small "Borrowdale" and his view "On the Ouse" are very fine examples of his style, but we can see little to admire in the large drawing of a rocky ravine, "Valley of the Wharfe," which, without the catalogue, we should not have recognised as his work. Prout's accurate architectural draughtsmanship and keen perception of the especial character and picturesque beauty of mediæval buildings are seen in a large number of drawings. By G. Dodgson there is an admirable sea-coast study, "Whitby Scarf;" and, by James Holland, a masterly little view of one of the small Venetian canals. Among the few drawings by living artists that we do not remember to have seen before, are a good sea-study by Mr. F. Powell; a spacious view of "Beachy Head" by Mr. H. G. Hine; two capital drawings of birds by Mr. H. S. Marks, and several very small landscapes, painted with his accustomed neatness and precision, by Mr. Birket Foster.

DUTCH WATER-COLOURS

ONE of the rooms at the Fine Art Society's gallery is now occupied by an attractive collection of drawings belonging to the very modern Dutch Water-Colour School. The art of the Dutch painters of the present day is distinctly national. They devote themselves almost exclusively to depicting the familiar things about them. They are nearly all good colourists, and they all aim at unity of effect and comprehensive truth, rather than at the realistic imitation of individual fact. Many of them, including some of the most eminent, have been constant exhibitors in London. The only work by Josef Israels in the collection—a masterly little study of a devout and aged Jew, "Jacob Stodel"—is a good example of his simple and sympathetic style. The influence of Israels is to be seen in the works of several younger artists—in "The Poor of the Village," by B. J. Blommers, for instance; and in a large and very forcibly-painted "Dutch Peasant Interior," by J. S. H. Kever. J. Bosboom, whose skill in painting church interiors has seldom been surpassed, besides two or three smaller works has a large drawing of "The Church of St. Jacob, the Hague," masterly in style, and full of suffused light and delicate gradations of colour. J. Maris is represented by a view "In the Environs of the Hague," remarkable, like all his works, for its beauty and truth of colour; and a smaller drawing, almost equally good, of a man and horse on the bank of a canal by twilight. Two domestic scenes, "Reading the Bible" and "The Sewing Lesson," by A. Neuhuys, are strikingly true in character, glowing with rich colour, and painted with breadth and easy mastery. H. W. Mesdag's fresh and breezy "Entry of Fishing Boats," J. H. Weissenbruch's spacious view of "Haarlem," and A. Mauve's "Cow-Keeper" are good examples of their respective styles. A less-known painter than any of them, V. Bauffe, shows very great ability in a large, full-toned, and effective "View of a Town by Moonlight."

PICTURES BY COROT

MESSRS. BOUSSOD AND VALADON are exhibiting at the Goupil Gallery a series of twenty pictures by Corot, none of which have till now been shown in London. Painted at different periods of his career, they are varied in style and subject, and of very unequal value, but among them are some masterpieces. The two first in order of arrangement, "Le Joueur de Flute" and "Le Lac de Garde," are admirable examples of his rather early work. Both show a fine sense of style, and are remarkable besides for their perfect balance of composition, and their exquisite purity and truth of tone. "Le Lac" and "L'Abreuvoir" are of later date, and while not less strong in style are more suggestive of moving atmosphere and daylight. These, and "The Hay Wain" and "La Mare aux Grenouilles," belong to the artist's best period. They are true transcripts of nature, and, while painted with great freedom and lightness of touch, are entirely free from the vaporous flimsiness which he contracted in his latest years. That figure-painting was not within Corot's range is seen in a picture of a curiously ill-proportioned woman standing by a well, and in two or three other works. Even in the large classical landscape composition, "La Danse des Nymphes," the figures form a discordant element.

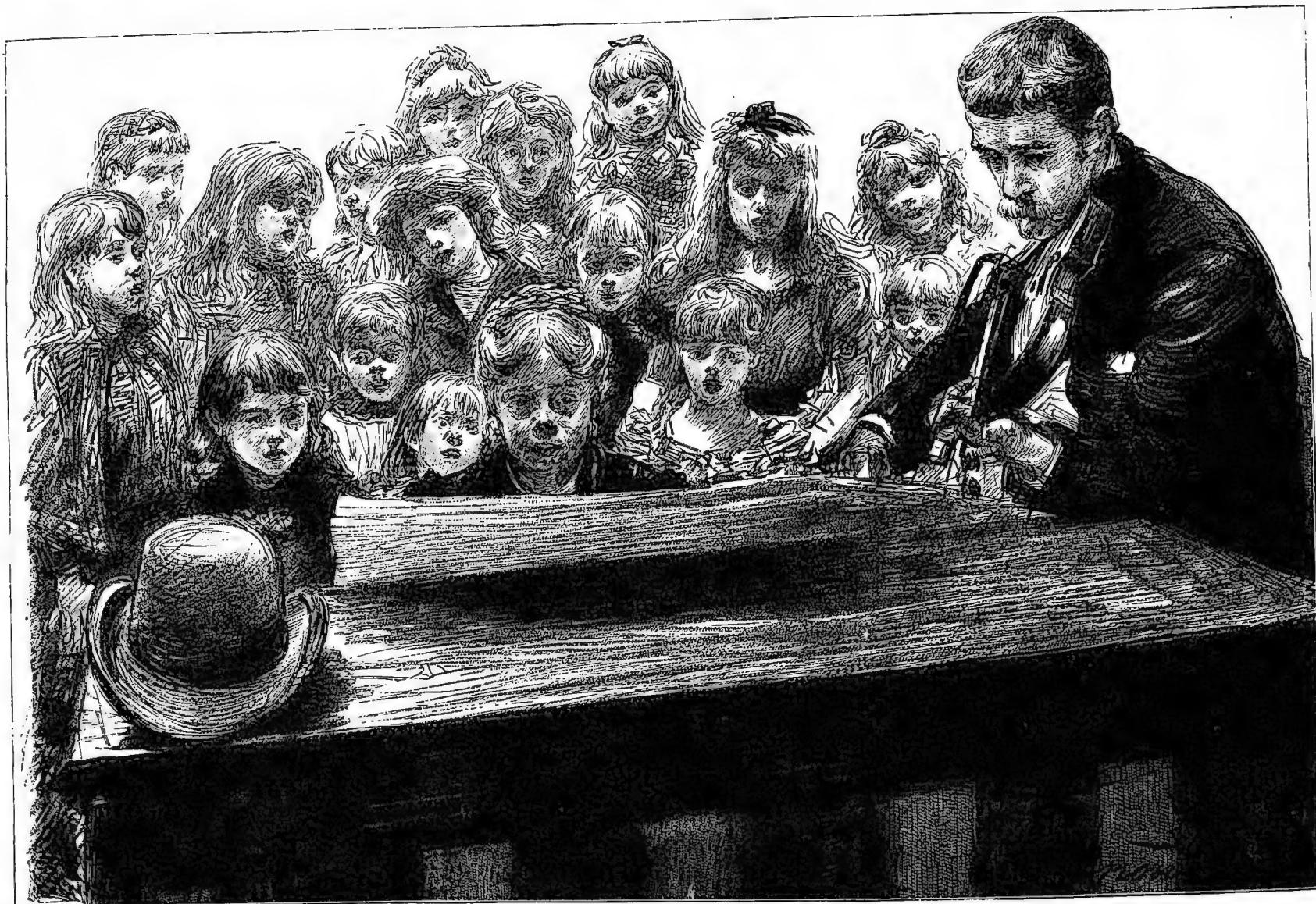


A COARSER or sillier production than Messrs. George Capel and Ragland Phillips's *See-Saw* brought out at TERRY'S Theatre last week has rarely been seen, even at a tentative *matinée* performance. Perhaps if the principles of *Le Théâtre Libre* were more firmly established, toleration might be claimed for the "purveyors of baked potatoes," who roars "like ox at slaughter," brutally assaulting his son, and bullies his refined and tender daughter on the very smallest provocation. It is at least conceivable that there are "purveyors of baked potatoes" who behave in this outrageous fashion; though how they came to have such ladylike daughters as the heroine is hard to be conceived. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey played the noisy father certainly with no apparent effort to mitigate the offensive parts of the portrait. In the part of the heroine Miss Eleanore Leyshon made a *début* which, in spite of these unfavourable conditions, may be called promising.

A testimonial fund is being raised on behalf of Mr. John Maddison Morton, author of *Box and Cox* and numerous other widely-known farces. Mr. Morton founded nearly all his pieces, we believe, on foreign originals; but he had a very happy knack of making them English, and his dialogue exhibited a vein of



A FEW MOMENTS OF REST



REHEARSING THE LULLABY

THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES



SIR JOHN KINLOCH, BART.
New Gladstonian Liberal M.P. for East Perthshire



DR. FRANCIS HUEFFER
Musical Critic of the *Times*
Born 1845. Died January 19, 1889



EDWARD GRIEG
The Norwegian Composer and Pianist,
Now on a Visit to England

THE LATE DR. HUEFFER

DR. FRANCIS HUEFFER, the well-known musical critic of the *Times*, died at his house at Brook Green on January 19th after a fortnight's illness. He was born at Münster in 1845, and was the son of a banker. He studied in Paris, London, Berlin, and elsewhere, and in 1869 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Göttingen University. In the same year he settled in England, and soon afterwards began to contribute to the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Examiner*. In 1874 he wrote a book on the "Music of the Future," which was then very little understood, although more than one opera manager had promised, but had not performed, *Lohengrin*. In 1878, Dr. Hueffer published an elaborate work on the music of the Troubadours, and in the same year, owing to the continued illness of the late Mr. J. W. Davison (who, by the way, was then also musical critic of *The Graphic*), he was appointed critic of the *Times*, in

which capacity he became celebrated for his very earnest advocacy of the music of the advanced continental schools. He subsequently wrote a more extensive biography of Richard Wagner, besides operatic and other libretti for Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Cowen, and others, and he leaves, hardly quite completed, a libretto of a new cantata, *The Sacrifice of Freia*, which Dr. Creser is setting to music for the forthcoming Leeds Festival; a first volume of the "History of Music in the Queen's Reign"; and a libretto, only sketched in outline, on a subject from Dante, intended for a new opera by Mr. F. H. Cowen. Besides his duties as a musical critic, Dr. Hueffer wrote on a large variety of subjects, particularly literature and pictorial art, for the *Athenaeum*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *St. James's Gazette*, and the *Quarterly and Fortnightly reviews*, and he contributed most of the musical biographies to the earlier volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He was a facile linguist, and spoke and wrote fluently in English, German, French, and Italian. His

funeral, which took place at Finchley, on January 24th, was attended by numerous musicians, as well as many of his colleagues and friends.

Dr. Hueffer leaves a widow—Catharine, younger daughter of Mr. Ford Madox Brown by his first wife. Mrs. Hueffer was already well known as an artist before, in 1872, she married her late husband. In 1869 her picture "At the Opera" attracted considerable notice at the Academy. In 1870 she exhibited a canvas entitled "Thinking," which contained a portrait of her mother, and in 1872 her portraits of her father and Mr. Alma-Tadema were exhibited at the International Exhibition, at South Kensington. Mr. Tadema repaid the compliment by painting a portrait of her husband as a wedding present, and the picture is still hung in the dining-room of the house at Brook Green. Since her marriage Mrs. Hueffer has not exhibited in London, but to Liverpool and Manchester she has contributed a portrait of Dr. Hueffer, "Mlis," "A Deep Problem," "Cromer," and other works.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AND HER DAUGHTERS FROM CHARING CROSS STATION FOR GERMANY

whimsical wit that was entirely his own. Mr. Morton is in his seventy-ninth year. His successes were achieved at a period when dramatic work was, as a rule, paid at a rate which would excite the commiseration of the Sweating Committee. Those who are able and disposed to comfort the last years of one who has contributed so much to the harmless amusement of the public, should address themselves to the Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. French and Emden, 105, Strand.

It is a striking evidence of the reverence for Shakespeare's text in Germany that Herr Ludwig Barnay, the famous tragic actor, has been severely handled by the Berlin critics and playgoers for adopting Charles Kean's acting version of *The Merchant of Venice*. What is objected to is the mutilations of the play, apparently for the mere sake of giving more prominence to the character of Shylock.

The latest accession in America to the list of "society" ladies who have adopted the stage as a profession is Mrs. J. G. Blaine, jun. The lady is a grand-daughter of Governor Medary, of Ohio.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, who is about to appear at the GLOBE as Richard III. is affectionately referred to in the American papers as "Our Richard I."

The Lutz testimonial performances at the GAIETY on Monday afternoon will present a programme which for extent and variety of talent is almost without parallel. The popular conductor and composer has been connected with the Gaiety ever since its first opening, rather more than twenty years ago.

Mrs. J. L. Toole was buried at Kensal Green on Monday last, in the presence of a great number of friends. Deep sympathy has been

felt for the popular comedian, who has provided so much entertainment for the public, and is now stricken down by successive domestic calamities.

Mr. Robert Buchanan is understood to have made great changes in the version of *Roger La Honte*, which he is preparing for Mr. Beerbohm Tree's use at some future time not yet determined on.

The success of the *Pickwick* Cantata has encouraged Mr. Burnand and his musical coadjutor, Mr. Solomon, to take in hand another popular theme. The old farce, or rather comic drama, *Domestic Economy*, made famous first by Wright, and then by Mr. Toole, is to furnish the next subject.

Electric lighting is brilliant and safe, but, unfortunately, lacks the warming power of gas. This is felt so much by audiences that Messrs. Gatti have introduced a system of warming the interior of the ADELPHI on cold nights by means of hot water pipes.

"Floral souvenirs" are to be presented to the ladies among the audience at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre this evening in token of the fiftieth night of *Paul Jones*. The term is not very happy; for it is hard to make a "souvenir" of something that is destined quickly to perish. But the management may say, with old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, when she got into an epistolary muddle, "You know what I mean."

Miss Patti Rosa, late of the unlucky "Jodrell," has, *fata profuga*, found shelter in the STRAND Theatre, where a series of eleven consecutive matinée performances of *Bob* were commenced on Monday last.

Merry Margate will be, as some one once has expressed it, the

"shrimpy and breezy" title of the next farcical play at the COMEDY. Mr. Sydney Grundy is the author, Mr. Penley the leading comedian—both which facts promise well.

Mr. C. S. Fawcett's forthcoming new farcical comedy is called *The Great Smith Property*. It is founded, we believe, on an actual cause célèbre of the Jarndyce v. Jarndyce order.

On the 19th instant, Mr. Edward Terry will appear at his theatre in a new comedy entitled *The Bookmaker*, written by Mr. J. W. Piggott. "No relation" is said to be for the present the watchword among the author's friends and admirers.

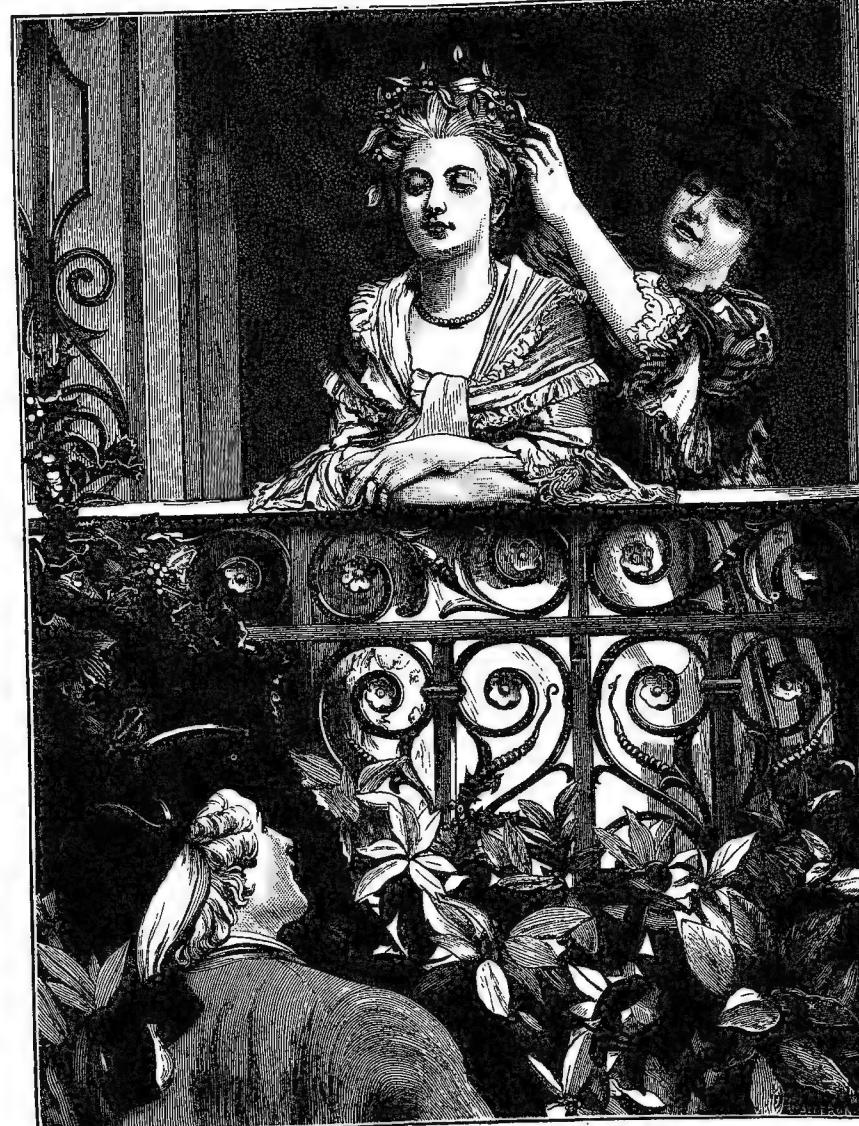
The first number of a new theatrical paper called "The Prompter" appears on Friday of this week. In addition to the usual theatrical intelligence it is intended to devote great attention to the "variety stage."

A valuable addition to theatrical history will be published by Messrs. W. H. Allen, of Waterloo Place, early in March, "The London Stage, from 1576 to 1888," by H. Barton Baker. The book will contain an account of every theatre that has existed in the metropolis between those dates, and will present a consecutive narrative of dramatic art in its every phase: legitimate and melodramatic, as well as the opera and the ballet.

Henrik Ibsen, the greatest living dramatist of the Scandinavian countries, is comparatively little known in this country. A movement is now on foot to raise a guarantee fund to present his drama, *Ghosts*, at a matinée at a London theatre. The experiment is one of great interest; for Ibsen, besides being a profound psychologist, is also an ardent social reformer.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF MODERN PICTURES, WATER-COLOURS, AND DRAWINGS IN BLACK AND WHITE,

THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GRAPHIC, WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION BY MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS AT THEIR GREAT ROOMS, 8, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, MARCH 8 AND 9, 1889, AT ONE O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

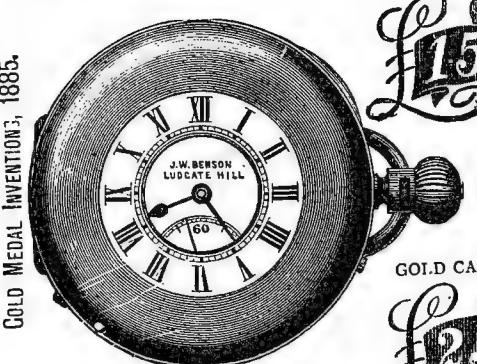


May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had at Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS' OFFICES, 8, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

The Sale will comprise Paintings and Drawings by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I., Lady Butler (née Elizabeth Thompson), W. F. Yeames, R.A., P. H. Calderon, R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., G. A. Storey, R.A., P. Morris, R.A., J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., H. Herkomer, A.R.A., R. C. Woodville, R.I., C. Burton Barber, Mrs. Seymour Lucas, Blair Leighton, Basil Bradley, R.W.S., G. A. Holmes, J. C. Dollman, R.I., W. Small, J. Charlton, A. Hopkins, R.W.S., C. Green, R.I., T. B. Wigstan, R.I., F. Dadd, R.I., and W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., R.I., and also a Series of Paintings of Shakespeare's Heroines.

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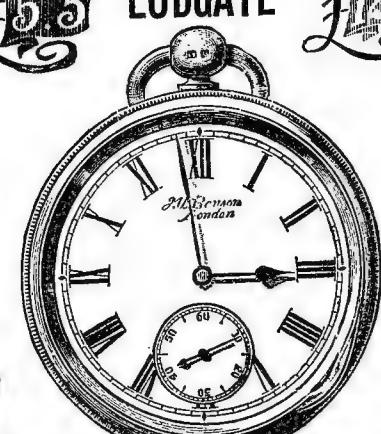


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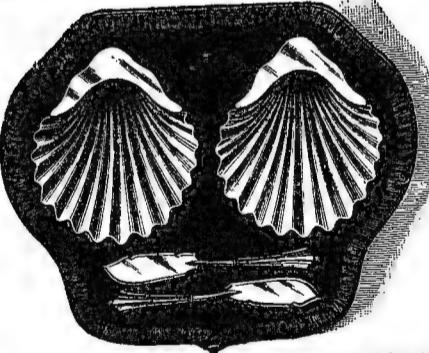
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CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

(THE BLUECOAT SCHOOL)

I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS

Within this cloistered calm retreat,
Where sacred Science loves to fix her seat,
How do my moments tranquil wing their flight,
In elegant delight!

Here now I smile o'er Terence's comic page,
Or bide high converse with th' Athenian Sage;
Now listen to the buskin'd hero's strain,
With tender Ovid love, or weep o'er Hector slain.

(From a juvenile poem written in 1787 by T. F. Middleton, a Blue, afterwards first Bishop of India and Ceylon.)

THE HOME OF THE BLUE-COAT BOYS, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, stands under the shadow of what the late Dean Milman considered "the crown and glory of London," the Cathedral of St. Paul. In even closer proximity to it is



ENTRANCE

another great national establishment, the General Post Office; whilst on its northern boundary is a noble sister institution, the ancient and extensive Hospital of St. Bartholomew.

Christ's Hospital arose upon the ruins of the once famous Priory of the Grey Friars—that favoured sanctuary, as we read, in which the great and noble were anxious that their remains should repose, and to be buried within whose precincts, "wrapped in the tattered mantle of one of the fraternity," was regarded as a kind of passport to heaven.

It occupies, therefore, not only an historic, but also a most valuable and central site, in extent between four and a half and five acres, of which about two acres and a half are covered with buildings. The site and buildings are estimated to be worth, at the present time, not less than 600,000.

The Hospital's original area was much circumscribed, but has been largely added to during the past three centuries by the purchase of contiguous property, and otherwise, as opportunity arose, to allow of the proper growth and development of the institution.

THE FOUNDER

VISITORS entering the Hospital by the old gateway in Christ Church Passage, on the north side of Newgate Street, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, are reminded, by an inscription to a statue which stands in a niche above the porch, that "Edward the Sixth, of famous memory, King of England," was the founder. Some writers, however, have insisted that that honour properly appertains to his father, Henry VIII.; but our purpose is not a controversial one; that question need not be pursued here.

The establishment or inauguration of Christ's Hospital dates from the year 1552, and was the outcome of a sermon upon the excellence of Charity, preached before the King (Edward) at Westminster by the pious Bishop Ridley; but some share in the good work may fairly be ascribed to the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, Thomas Leaver, 1551-3.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE ROYAL FOUNDER,

EXHIBITED to our readers, is from the three-quarter-length painting attributed, though probably erroneously, to Holbein. It hangs in the Hospital's Court Room, in a panel behind the presiden-

tial chair, and has often been described. By this portrait Edward appears to have been of a fair and delicate complexion, with blue eyes, Grecian nose, full lips, and hair inclining to red.

THE CHARTER OF INCORPORATION

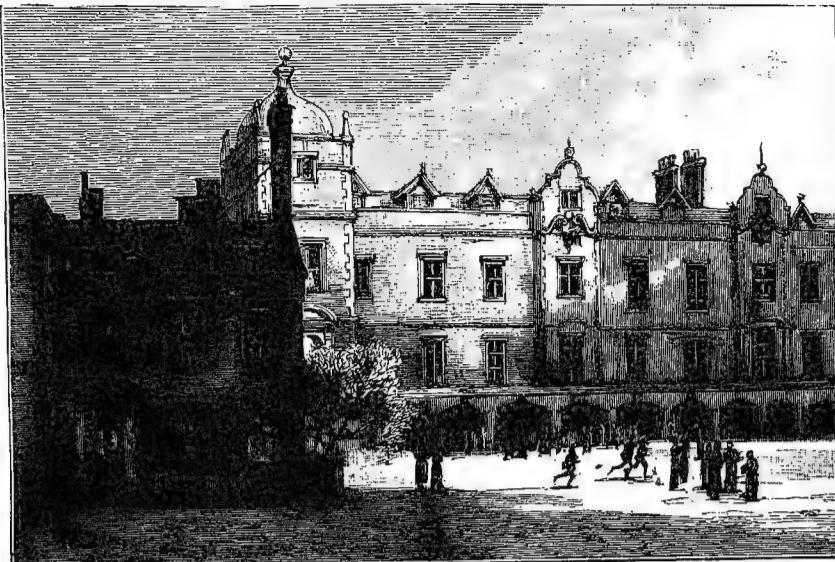
THE Foundation Charter of "The Royal Hospitals" of Edward VI., "of Christ, Bridewell, and Saint Thomas the Apostle," written in Latin, and bearing date the 26th June, 1553, is preserved among the Archives of Christ's Hospital. It included the grant of the Palace of Bridewell, and of certain lands, tenements and revenues of the annual value of about 450*l.*, belonging to the dissolved Hospital of the Savoy; together with a license to take lands in mortmain, or otherwise, to the yearly amount of four thousand marks (*ad annum valenciam quatuor mille marcum in Civitate nostra London seu alibi*) for the maintenance of these three foundations in common.

This last endowment, says Trollope in his History of the Hospital, is connected with an anecdote beautifully characteristic of the young King. A blank had been left in the patent for the sum which His Majesty should be pleased to grant; and inserting with his own hand, though he had scarcely strength to guide the pen, "Four thousand markes by the yeare," he signed the instrument, and ejaculated in the hearing of his Council: "Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the Glory of Thy Name."

The confirmation by King Edward of a grant of Henry VIII., whereby the Monastery of the Grey Friars had been already bestowed upon the Mayor and Commonalty of London, was the means of providing for Christ's Hospital its local habitation.

EARLY SEPARATION OF PROPERTY HELD IN COMMON

FROM the estates under the charter but very little income has been received by Christ's Hospital; a division of the chartered



SCHOOL BUILDINGS AND WARDEN'S HOUSE

funds, belonging to the three Royal Hospitals jointly, having taken place within about ten years of their foundation, and the several manors described in the letters patent as "part and parcel of the possessions to the Hospital of the Savoy, formerly belonging and appertaining," were assigned to St. Thomas's; and there they still remain. The date and method of that division are, however, alike uncertain.

Thenceforward the Hospital and School (for it is much more than a school only) mainly depended for support upon the contributions and bequests of the citizens of London and others; and it may justly be described as a grand monument of British benevolence rather than as a State-aided foundation. As such long may it endure. Our space forbids us tracing the gradual growth of the Hospital from its small beginnings; but so much of "the dry bones of history" seemed necessary to the introduction of our subject.

It may help, however, to remove a general misapprehension if we state the well-established fact that the Hospital's benefits were never, from the first, confined to the lowest orders of the community, and the Charter in no wise limited them to any particular class.

II.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER

"CLASSICS" is, of course, one of those scholarly



COURT ROOM

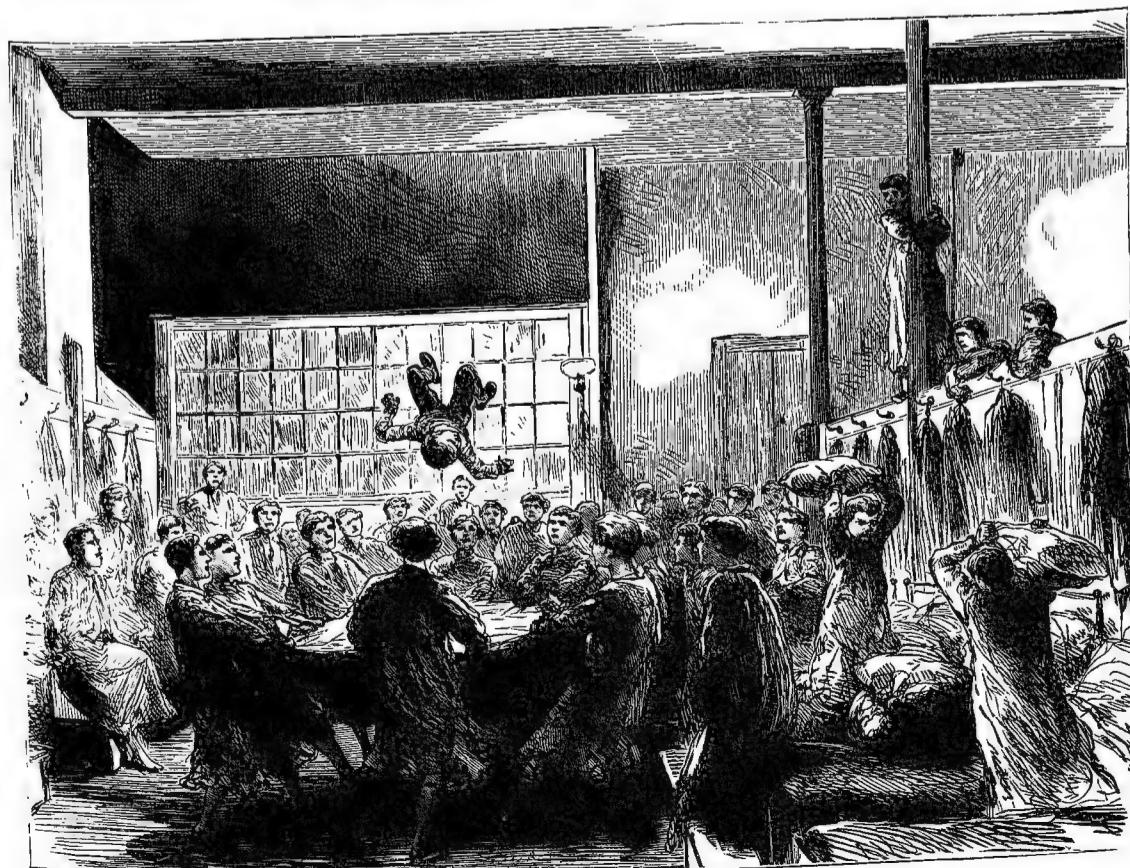
and lordly individuals, the "Grecians;" those era or epoch-makers in school history, we think Charles Lamb called them. "Mathematics," proud in the possession of a nascent moustache, is a "fellow" (we must no longer call him boy) of the "First Order" in the "Royal Mathematical School." The Nautical Boys, or "Mathemats," as they are commonly called, invariably use their "full style and title" themselves. They are forty in number, classified into several "orders," and are distinguished by a round silver badge (worn on the left shoulder), bearing the inscription: "Auspicio Caroli Secundi Regis, 1673." Mathemats have been known to translate this (to show their contempt for classics, or possibly to take a rise out of their questioner for his ignorance and inexperience), as "I behold Charles the Second a King!" The three principal figures in the device represent Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy: the alleged visible King therefore must be one of the "sweet little cherubs who sit up aloft," guardian angels, presumably, of the ship-in-full-sail emblematic of the boys' future destiny. A silver badge is invariably given, and usually also a silver chronometer watch, with other allowances, to a Mathematical Boy on being placed out to sea service; and the possession, or rather the production, of a badge, formerly exempted the owner from being "pressed" for the King's service. The die for the "Royal Badge," formerly kept at the Mint, is a specimen of the very best work of the period, and was the gift of Sir Isaac Newton, who took considerable interest in "The Royal Mathematical School of the Foundation of His late Sacred Majesty King Charles II."

LOWER SCHOOL

IN playful or fanciful juxtaposition to the "Dignity" of the school, our artist has here presented "Impudence." Happy-looking and contented youngsters are these: "No sense have they of ills to come, No care beyond to-day." One of them appears to be a type of those tiresome and untidy urchins, plague of masters and ward matrons, who may, and, let us hope, will develop into something better by and by. He must, though, emerge from the monkey age first, and come under the elevating influence of Upper School. "In our time" these were the fellows (and the supply is still kept up) who vexed the soul of the wardrobe-keeper by their utter disregard of appearances in stockings, shoes, and coats—petitioners once a term, or once a "half," at least, for repair of damages; in other words, for change of coat, the wreck of which they would triumphantly display, half or more in hand and half or less on back, literally "grinning in their sleeve" the while. To those who have "the transforming process" for their duty we heartily say God speed!

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

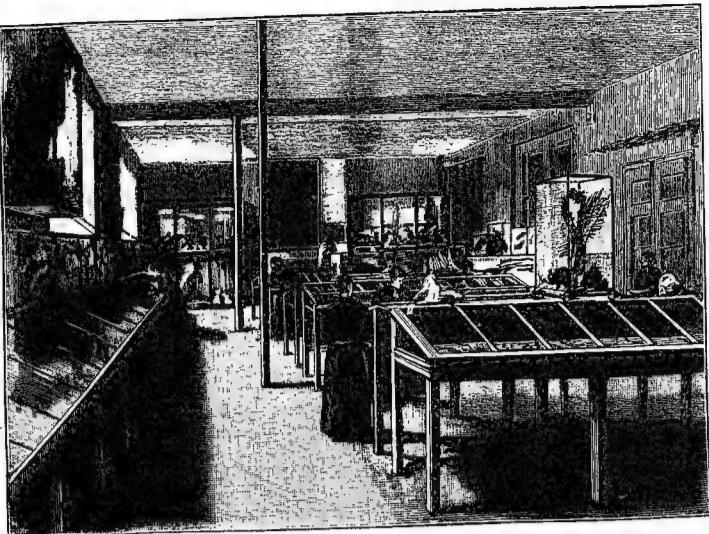
HERE, we fancy, our artist (readers will observe that he styles himself an "Old" Blue) has been "drawing" upon his imagination



A DORMITORY



MARKER'S MEDAL



MUSEUM

or, perchance, and at the worst, upon his recollection. We know something of boy-nature ; and it is, alas ! not *always* lovely. Still, we feel sure that " *Lupus atrox* " has long since been " suppressed " in Christ's Hospital, as elsewhere in these realms. The Reverend the Head Master, himself once a young Blue, and his gallant coadjutor the Warden, who are jointly responsible for the discipline, are well-known protectors of the " lambs," and " the terror " of any possibly surviving " wolves." Besides, the public opinion of the boys themselves is decidedly anti-wolfish now, whatever it may have been " in the dim and distant " past. When next our artist comes amongst them, the boys will probably charge him with a pictorial libel, and remind him that since his day, in the words of Matthias Borbonius, " *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis* ;" for our young friends of the Grammar School can " quote " on occasion, and " give their authority " too. The brutal bully belongs happily to the past ; not so the mean and petty tyrant, whom, it is to be feared, we shall have always with us. Small boys should remember that, though to suffer and be silent is brave, sometimes to " speak out " is braver, and often really requires more moral courage.

THE TRADES, ETC.

SELF-HELP is a principle which from the first has been inculcated amongst the boys when at this school, wherein " each adds his quota to the sum of life." They make their own beds, and clean their own shoes, the extra polish being reserved for such high days and holidays as the public suppings, the monthly leave-days, and Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays, when numbers of them have the opportunity, if they have gained " tickets of leave " for good work and conduct in school, of going out and visiting friends in London, or the like. To " the Trades," of whom we depict a few representatives, is assigned the duty in each ward of preparing the tables in hall, and of taking up the provisions, &c., at meal times, as our artist's

sketches indicate. A " Member of the Band " suggests that the school can boast the existence therein of a " profession " also, whose members make music in the playground at the daily parade and march up to dinner, and at other times. " Innocent Recreation," in the form shown in our illustration, is, we fancy, another thing of the past, and a wonder no longer to be seen. The present Blues are too gallant to hide their heads under their coat-skirts and butt at the spectacled and portly dame returning laden from her walks abroad.

THE COURT ROOM

THE General Courts, Committees, and other meetings of the Governors are held in this room from time to time, as may be inferred from the name given to it. With the Treasurer's Room, or small Committee Room, adjoining, it forms the upper floor of an old building, wherein the principal business of the Hospital is transacted, and which is known as the counting-house. This building was erected rather more than two hundred years ago, on the first general re-building of the Hospital consequent on the Great Fire of London. The Court Room is approached by a fine oak staircase, and is a spacious apartment, with a vaulted roof supported by four Doric columns, and lighted by windows, with double sashes, on the eastern side. At the upper end, raised and under a canopy, is the President's chair, with

the Arms of England over it, and behind it, in a panel, is the portrait of the Royal founder, attributed to Holbein, and already referred to. The walls are hung with many portraits of former presidents, treasurers, benefactors, and other worthies, past and present. One curious old painting, the oldest probably in the room, if we except that of the founder, represents Sir Richard Dobbs, Knight, Lord Mayor in 1553. The portrait bears the inscription, " *Etatis sue 65* ;" and beneath are the quaint lines following, in old English character :—

Christe's Hospitall erected was a passinge dede of pittie
What tyme Sr. Richard Dobbs was Maior of yis most fam's
cittie
Who carefull was in government and furthered moche the sam
Also a Benefactor good, who Ioyed to see it frame
Whose picture heare his frends haue sett, to putt eache wight
in minde
To imitate his vertuous dedes as God hathe vs assinde.

Our notice of the contents of this interesting old room must close with an allusion to two of its most recent additions. These are a testimonial portrait of the present Treasurer, Mr. John Derby Alcroft, painted by Professor Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., which was subscribed for by the Governors individually, and presented by them to the Institution in 1884, to mark their sense of the great ability with which Mr. Alcroft had filled the important office of Treasurer ; and secondly, should be mentioned a marble bust, with pedestal (the position of which is indicated in our illustration), subscribed for by Governors and Old Blues, to perpetuate the memory of a former

scholar of the House, distinguished alike as a linguist, a diplomatist, a soldier, and a hero. We refer to the late gallant and lamented Colonel Sir Louis Cavagnari, who learned at Christ's Hospital and earned at Cabul that appropriate and familiar Latin line, now felicitously inscribed by his old schoolfellows on his memorial : " *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* "

WARDEN'S HOUSE, GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ETC.

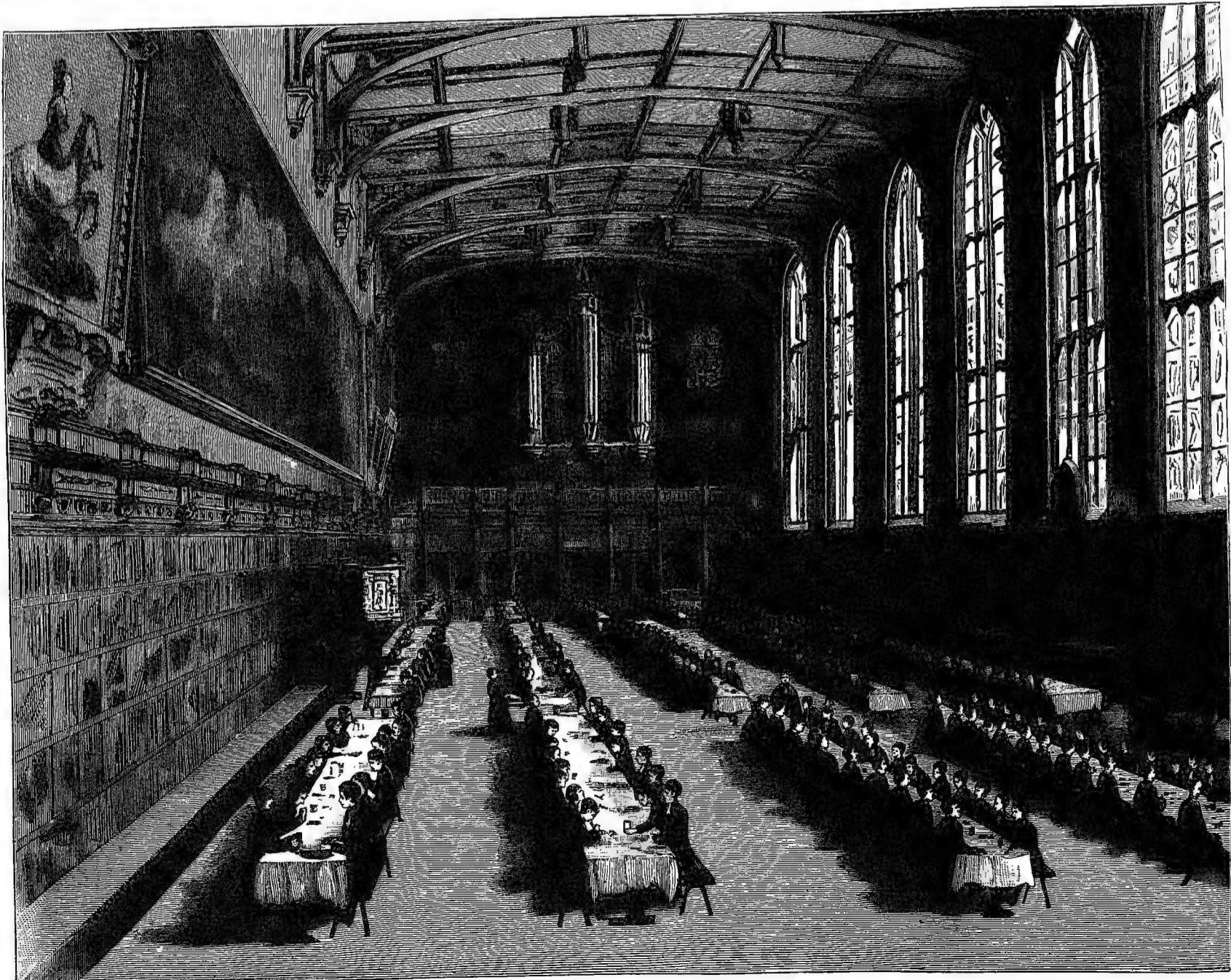
THE office of Warden is one of comparatively recent creation, dating only from about the year 1861. It is now the duty of this officer to preside at the boys' meals in hall, to regulate their going out on half-holidays, leave-days, and the like ; and he is responsible generally (to some extent under the Head Master) for the discipline of the boys when out of school. For the more convenient discharge



THIRSTY BOYS



CLOISTERS



THE GREAT HALL

MARCH 2, 1889



of his duty he occupies one of the Hospital residences within the walls, shown in our engraving, and better known to older generations of Blues as "the Steward's House." The Warden is perhaps the only resident citizen who can boast that he dwells beneath the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, although his "front garden," it will be observed, is an extremely limited one. He also enjoys a sort of baronial or feudal privilege in that his "home and castle" is surrounded on its exposed sides by a "ditch," happily a dry one now. To the north of "the ditch," which occupies part of the site of the old town ditch of London, are those

centres, not of dulness, but of "sweetness and light," the Grammar and Mathematical Schools, having over them Wards 14, 15, and 16, and the Drawing School. Inscriptions on the façade of the building inform the visitor that the Grammar School was founded in 1532, and the Mathematical School in 1673. At the western and eastern ends respectively of the building, which was erected about fifty-five years ago, are statues of Edward VI. and Charles II., the founders.

A DORMITORY

THIS drawing gives a general idea of the interior of the wards or dormitories, of which there are sixteen, known by their respective numbers. They contain from forty to fifty beds each (only two have



WARDS XI., XII., XIII., AND ARCHWAY

as many as fifty), the total number of beds in the London School, apart from the Infirmary, being now 743. Each ward has also apartments for its ward-matron and servant, a Grecian's study and a curtained bed near, a wardrobe, lavatory, and other offices. At the Boys' Preparatory School at Hertford there are 340 beds; and at the Girls' School there the number of beds is ninety.

MARKER'S MEDAL

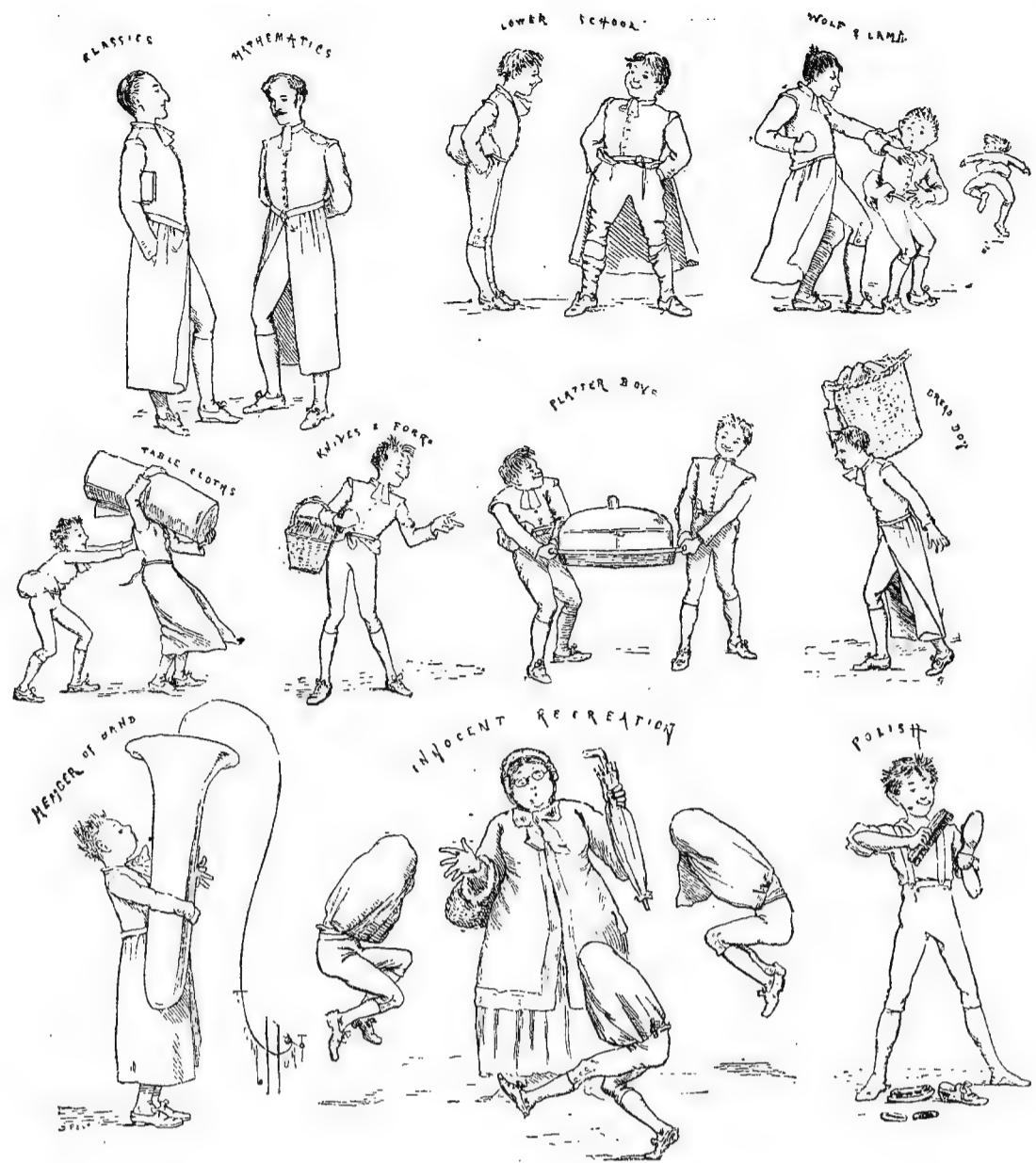
THE appointment of the markers, of whom there are one or more in each ward, rests with the Head Master. They are usually "monitors" also, and are selected for general merit and good conduct. Their duty is to hear the Church Catechism, &c., said by the boys at "sides" or Sunday School on Sunday afternoons. A silver medal, formerly worn on Sundays and on all public occasions, attached to the button-hole by a blue ribbon, is presented to markers on leaving the Hospital, if only they have performed their duties satisfactorily. On the obverse of the medal is a portrait of the founder, as shown in our illustration, and on the reverse an open Bible, having the injunction, "Read, mark, learn," over it.

MUSEUM

THIS is a recent institution, established in what was formerly the boys' day-room. It owes its initiation to the private liberality of one of the Governors (Mr. Jeremiah Long) some ten years ago, and contains an interesting collection of Natural History and Geological specimens, &c., besides school-money, clothing, and other curios of by-gone days, given or lent by old Blues, Governors, and others. It forms a useful adjunct and recreative resort for the boys, especially in wet weather.

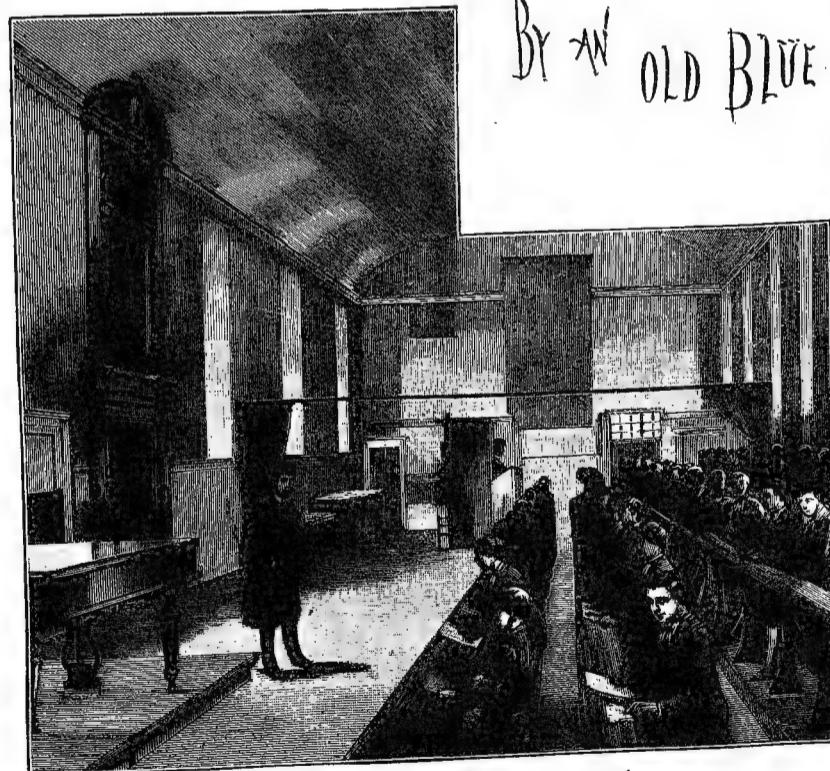
THE BOYS' LIBRARY

THIS, a reading room and lending library combined, was established thirty years ago, and has always proved one of the most attractive haunts of the boys when out of school. It contains some four or five thousand books in almost every department of literature, and is well supplied also with maps, and an interesting series of diagrams of machinery, &c., besides *The Graphic*, and other illustrated newspapers and periodicals; and last, but not least—a mine of instruction with amusement in themselves—a complete set of bound volumes of *Punch*. Access to the Library is freely accorded on half-holidays, during play hours, and on Sunday afternoons, to all boys of good behaviour, under regulations made from time to time by the Head Master. The handsome polished-oak tables with which



THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF A BLUE COAT BOY

BY AN OLD BLUE



CLASS ROOM

the room is furnished "speak volumes" for the good sense and conduct of its book-loving frequenters during at least five generations. Of Blues, for not a table has yet been defaced by cut or scratch. Educationally and otherwise the Library is a very valuable addition to the school.

THE SWIMMING BATH

WAS opened in May, 1869. The Governors

water in the bath can be made tepid from the same boiler that supplies the Warm Baths; and, as the whole are in immediate communication, they form a very complete and compact addition to the school.

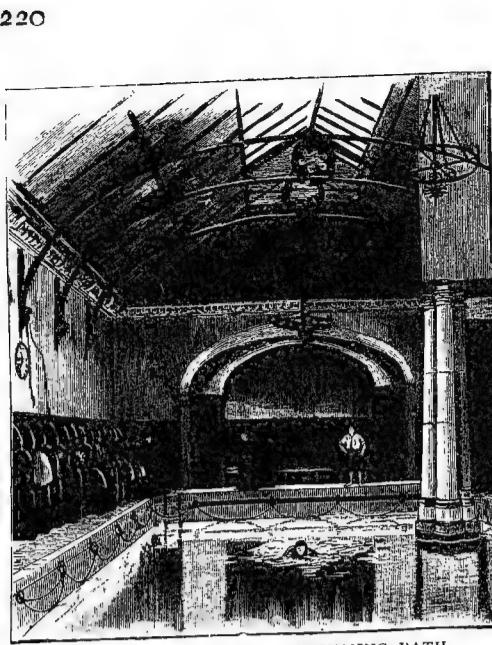
THE PLAYGROUNDS

THE important cause of physical education has by no means been neglected in the school; and has had no warmer advocate and supporter than the present Treasurer, Mr. Allcroft. It has now for some twenty-five years possessed its own Gymnasium and Fives Courts, erected in the New Playground. This occupied the site of the old Giltspur Street Compter, or Debtors' Prison, which the Governors wisely secured and annexed some forty years ago. Here all boys undergo periodically a certain amount of compulsory gymnastic training under a competent instructor, the authorities recognising in this, and by a systematic course of drill, that the ideal of health consists in the possession of the "Mens sana in corpore sano." A part of the Gymnasium area and portions also of the asphalted "Hall Playground" (seen from the Great Gates in Newgate Street, as in our view) have been marked out into courts for lawn tennis. Another important but more recent adjunct, for which the school is indebted to the liberality of the Treasurer, is a



OLD PLAYGROUND

had long felt that the establishment would be greatly improved were greater facilities for bathing and washing afforded, especially as rumours were afloat that the ancient open-air bath, called "Peculiar Pool," in the neighbourhood of the City Road—from time immemorial a favourite and recognised haunt of the boys—was about to be drained and the site built upon. (This has since, we believe, become an accomplished fact.) The old and superseded general lavatory, a room 49 feet by 24 feet, was accordingly fitted up with 28 very convenient single hot-water baths; and separated only by a door and entrance lobbies from this bathroom is the Swimming Bath. This is very light and airy, and its dimensions are 25 feet by 60 feet, with a varying depth of from 3 feet to 5 feet when filled, and it holds 33,000 gallons of water. In the erection of it an irregular piece of ground, till then used as a workman's yard, had to be adapted, necessitating the basin of the bath being boldly carried under a portion of the old Writing School, which is supported by the massive pillars rising from the superstructure of the bath, as shown in our view. The



SWIMMING BATH

carpenter's shop, where a certain number of the bigger boys receive, under the eye of an experienced and practical carpenter, what is likely to prove not the least valuable or useful of the many advantages which their school offers with so lavish a hand. Mention must also be made of an airy and excellent cricket field at Dulwich, easily accessible by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway from Holborn Viaduct or St. Paul's, at specially reduced fares to the boys. For this also they have to thank the private generosity of the Treasurer.

The field is much frequented for cricket, football, &c., on the Wednesdays and Saturday half-holidays, and is from an original portrait of a Monitress (for it will be observed that she wears the Marker's Medal suspended from her neck) which the present Treasurer succeeded in acquiring not long since, with the happy idea that it would form an appropriate adornment of the Boys' Museum, where lately it has been hung. The cerulean fair one was living until quite recently, happy, but under a changed name—whether that of a "Brother Blue" we do not know—and in the enjoyment of an annuity from one of the numerous Trusts connected with her old school. Here, naturally, we may refer to a curious incident in its past history, vouched for by no less an authority than that accurate and amusing observer and diarist, Samuel Pepys, who in his time was a very active and zealous Governor of Christ's Hospital, of which he became successively Treasurer and Vice-President. In 1695, it seems, two wealthy citizens dying left their estates, one to a Blue-coat boy and the other to a Blue-coat girl respectively. Such was the sensation produced by the unexpected good fortune of the youthful legatees, that a match was brought about between them, and they were eventually publicly married at Guildhall Chapel. The bridegroom, dressed in a coat of blue satin, was conducted at thither by two of the girls, the bride, in a blue gown and green apron, by two of the boys, and as they passed in procession along Cheapside, headed by several of the Governors, and followed by a train of their schoolfellows, a more joyous sight, says the faithful chronicler,

could scarcely be imagined. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Dean of St. Paul's, the Lord Mayor giving away the bride, Bow Bells were set ringing, and the party returned to the Hospital, where the wedding dinner was prepared in the Great

Hall. The girls in those days, it may be remarked, had not yet been removed to Hertford, but were located in the school in London. This early marriage hardly commended itself, to the prudent Mr. Pepys, who concludes his narrative with the remark, "Bow Bells are just now ringing *ding dong*, but whether for this I cannot presently tell; but it is likely enough, for I have known them ring upon much foolisher occasions, and lately, too."

THE GREAT HALL

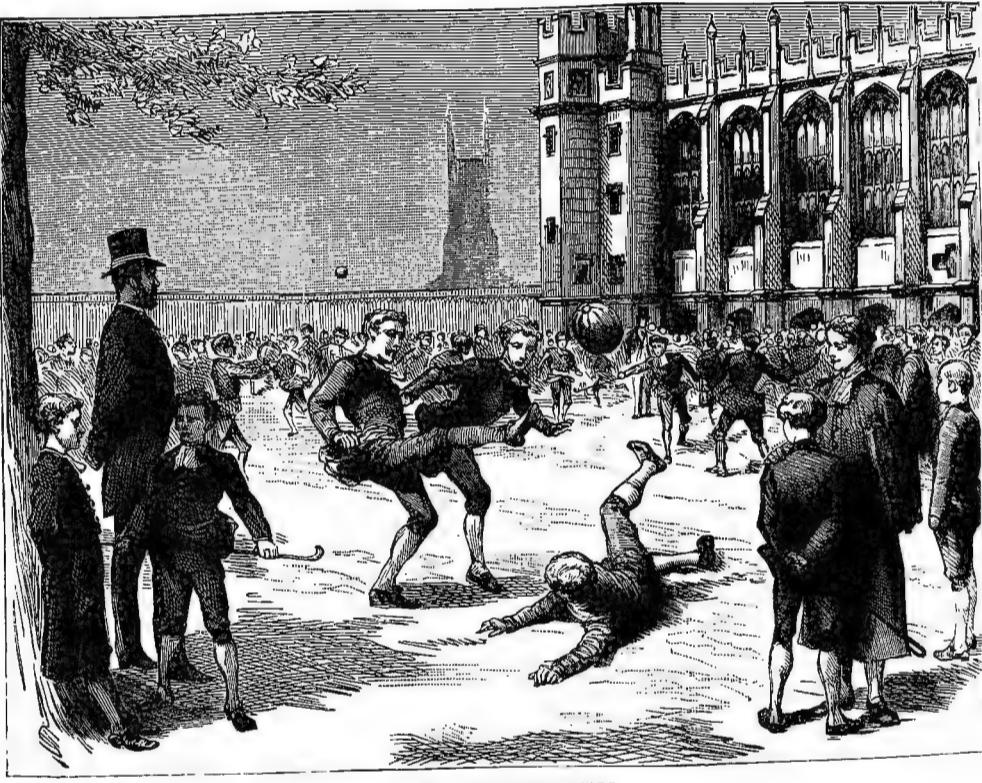
THIS grand fabric, of which we present exterior and interior views, faces the great entrance-gates on the north side of Newgate Street. It was erected partly on the foundations of the ancient Refectory of the Grey Friars, and partly on the site of the City Wall, from designs and under the superintendence of the late Mr. John Shaw, the Hospital's architect. It is in the Tudor Gothic style of architecture, the southern front being built of Portland stone, with a cloister of Heytor granite highly wrought (187 feet long by 16½ feet broad) running beneath a portion of the base of the Dining Hall. The back and eastern and western sides are of brick, and the roof, flattened at the top, is covered with lead. The building is supported by buttresses, and has an octagon turret at each end; the summit is embattled and ornamented with pinnacles, and nine large and handsome windows occupy the entire front, in the centre of which is a tablet surmounted with a bust of Edward VI., with an inscription recording the fact that the Hall was erected by public munificence, and opened for use on the 29th May, 1829. On the ground floor are the Governors' Room, the Steward's Store-room, the Wardrobe, and other offices, and the basement contains, besides cellars and other appendages, the Hospital Great Kitchen (69 feet long by 33 feet wide), supported by massive granite pillars. The Hall itself, with its lobby and organ-gallery, occupies the entire upper floor, which is 187 feet long,

51½ feet wide, and 46½ feet high. At the east end is a screen, along the cornice of which runs the Scriptural admonition, "Fear God, love the brotherhood, honour the King," and the walls are lined with a grained oak wainscoting to the height of about ten feet. On one side the panels are surmounted with carved busts of the Founder, and the names of the Presidents, Treasurers, and principal benefactors from the foundation are recorded beneath their coats-of-arms on the wainscoting. On the windows are emblazoned the arms of such Governors as have chosen thus to place their names on record. At the west end are a platform and series of raised seats for the Governors and their friends during the public suppers and other ceremonials, with a gallery over for the accommodation of visitors, above which is hung the great picture, supposed to be by Holbein, representing Edward VI. in the act of presenting the Foundation Charter to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. The centre of the north wall is occupied by Verrio's enormous monumental picture, which was painted expressly for the Hospital, at the instigation chiefly of the famous Samuel Pepys, in commemoration of the foundation of the Royal Mathematical School in Christ's Hospital by King Charles II. It is fully described in Malcolm's "Londinium Redivivum," Vol. III. There is also a fine painting, by Copley, representing a shark in close pursuit of Sir Brook Watson, who presented the picture to the Hospital; and portraits of Her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort, commemorative of their visit to one of the public suppers, in March, 1845, and one of the present President, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, besides several others. The latest additions to the adornments of the Hall are handsome coats-of-arms in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. They are fixed to the fronts of the galleries—the Royal Arms of England on the western, and those of the Hospital, flanked by two Bluecoat Boys, at the eastern end of the Hall.

CONCLUDING REMARKS

WE close our brief notice of this historic school, around which so many venerable traditions, memories, and associations are entwined, with an extract from a Parliamentary Blue Book published in 1868. The Schools Inquiry Commissioners, appointed December 28th, 1864, in their Report, presented to both Houses of Parliament, record their opinion: "That some consideration seems to be justly due to the past history of so remarkable a school, and to the attachment which it has inspired in the hearts of many of its scholars. Christ's Hospital is a thing without a parallel in the country, and *sui generis*. It is a grand relic of the mediæval spirit; a monument of the profuse munificence of that spirit; and of that constant stream of individual beneficence which is so often found to flow around institutions of that character. It has kept up its main features, its traditions, its antique ceremonies almost unchanged for a period of upwards of three centuries. It has a long and goodly list of worthies. It is quite as strong as Eton or Winchester in the affection of those who have been brought up in the school. And, whatever educational faults there may be in it, that affection is at least well-earned by the admirable care and unstinted liberality bestowed on the nurture of the children; the result of which is shown in their singular enjoyment of good health, of which there is irrefragable evidence, and which, we think, must be more due to that peculiar care than to any other cause."

Why then, we ask, all the noisy clamouring at its portals which has been suffered for the past twenty years at least? The Hospital's would-be subverters and reformers, who have perchance never yet set foot within its gates, who have certainly never contributed to its funds, have already done harm enough by stopping the flow of public charity towards a noble and national inheritance. The curtailment



PLAYGROUND AND HALL

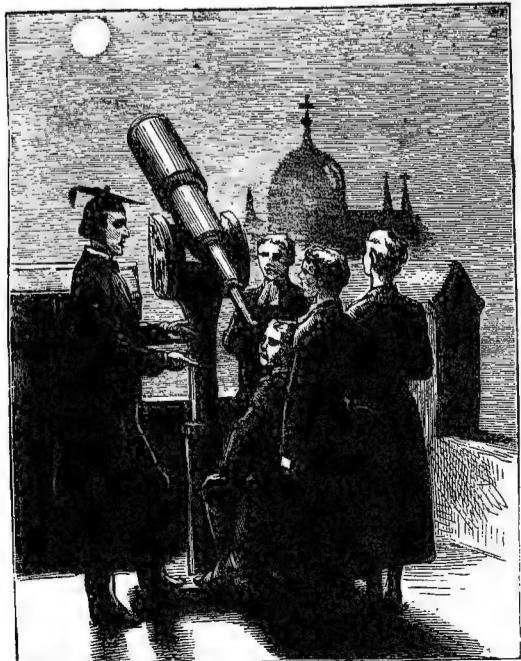


EDWARD VI.

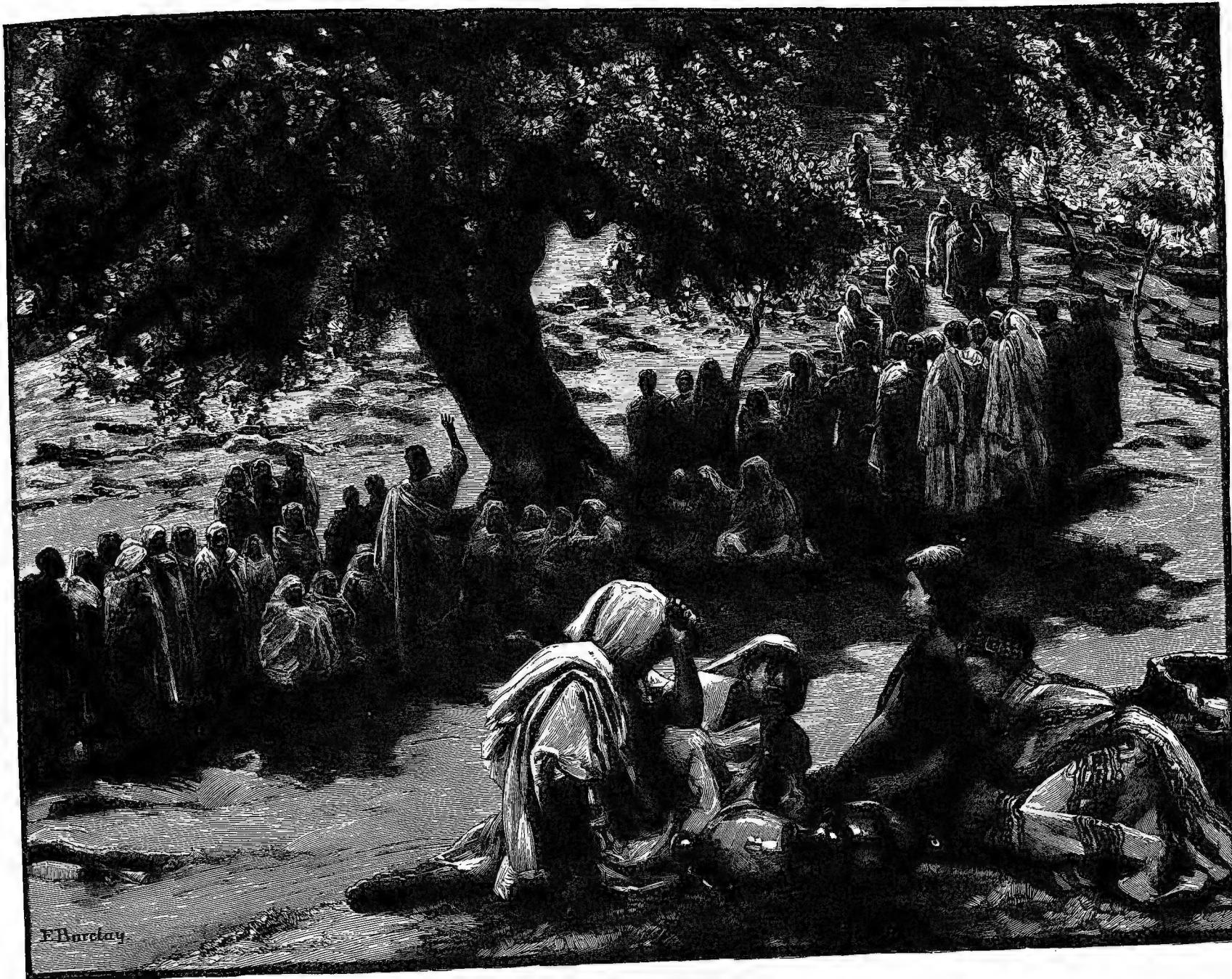
advanced in favour of the removal of it, viewed merely as a boarding school, from the centre of this great and growing metropolis; but whatever may be the ultimate destiny of this ancient institution, we will repeat the prayer, in time-honoured form of words: "May God bless the Religious, Royal, and Ancient Foundation of Christ's Hospital. May those prosper who love it; and may God increase their number."

*Fro sancte Janes the
fife and twentie daie of June.
(To the queens grace.)*

Edward.



A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY



DRAWN BY E. BARCLAY

"Then all we have to do ourselves," the Amine was remarking, "is to kill every man, woman, and child of the infidels down yonder at St. Cloud."

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STRANDS CONVERGE

On the platform outside the village, where the Beni-Merzoug held their weekly market, Vernon Blake stood sketching the buzzing group of white-robed natives who clustered beneath the shade of a great oak opposite, deep in eager conclave, as it appeared, on some important question of tribal business. A finer subject he had seldom found. Every gesture and attitude of the men was indeed eloquent; and the pose of the Amine, in particular, as he listened to and weighed each conflicting argument, presented to the eye a perfect model of natural and unstudied deliberative dignity. Le Marchant, stretched carelessly at the painter's feet, had brought out with him the copy of the *Dépêches Algériennes* which the Père Baba had yesterday lent them. He was reading it aloud, translating as he went, with but a languid interest in the diplomatic rumours and Court news which its telegrams detailed with their usual tedious conciseness, when, turning a page to the advertisement columns, his eye was attracted suddenly by the appearance, in large Roman type, of that unknown name which had imprinted itself so deeply on their minds of late, the English name of Meriem's father! "On demande des renseignements," the advertisement ran, "sur le nommé CLARENCE KNYVETT, Anglais."

Le Marchant could hardly believe his eyes.

"Look here, Blake," he exclaimed, with a little cry of surprise, "just see what on earth this means, will you?"

Blake took the paper from his hand, and stared at it hard.

"What does it mean?" he said, with a *whew*. "I can't quite make it out. Two of them at once, too! It's really very singular."

Le Marchant snatched back the little sheet from his friend in fresh astonishment.

"Two of them?" he cried. "Why, so there are, actually. And both want to know the very same things—about Meriem's father."

"Translate them," Blake said.

And Le Marchant translated:—

"Information wanted about one Clarence Knyvett, an Englishman, who is believed to have enlisted in the Third Chasseurs under the assumed name of Joseph Leboutillier, and to have hidden for some time as a deserter among the Kabyles of the Djurjura. If he or his representatives will address themselves to Iris Knyvett, 15, North Grove, Kensington, London, or to T. K. Whitmarsh, Esq., Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, equally in London, they may hear of something to their advantage."

"A whole romance," Blake exclaimed, with surprise, still going on with his sketching, but much interested.

"And here's the second," Le Marchant continued, translating once more. "Any person who can supply certain information as to the death, with or without heirs, of Clarence Knyvett, otherwise Joseph Leboutillier, formerly a soldier of the Third Chasseurs, and supposed to have died in a skirmish in Kabylie, shall receive a reward of five hundred francs on addressing himself to the under-signed, Harold Knyvett, Cheyne Row Club, Piccadilly, London, W., England."

"What the dickens does it mean?" Blake asked, laying down his pencil for a moment, with a puzzled air.

"It means," the naturalist answered, slowly, "that Meriem is the missing heir to a great fortune, and that she and Iris Knyvett, the Third Classic, must be somehow related to one another. When we left Algiers, Sir Arthur Knyvett was still alive, for I saw his name in *Galigiani*, at the English Club, among the list of visitors when I lately arrived at Aix-les-Bains. It happened to attract me in connection with Miss Knyvett's success at Cambridge. Since that time Sir Arthur must have died, and Meriem must be wanted as his heiress and representative."

"Lucky for you!" the artist cried, with a short, little laugh.

"You didn't know you'd fallen in love with a young woman of property!"

"Lucky for you, rather," Le Marchant retorted, by no means so gaily. "You didn't know it was a young woman of property who'd fallen in love with you."

"What shall you do about it?" Blake asked, after a brief pause, when the first shock of surprise had begun to pass away.

"Write to England at once," the naturalist answered, with great promptitude.

"To which? To the fellow who offers twenty pounds reward, I suppose? If there's money going begging, you may as well come in for your share of it as any other fellow."

"No," Le Marchant replied, shaking his head with decision.

"To the lady by all means."

"Why so?"

"For many reasons. In the first place, because she's a woman, and will therefore be more kindly disposed to Meriem. In the second place, because she offers no reward, and I shall therefore not be suspected of mercenary motives. And in the third place, because, I don't know why, I feel instinctively the one advertisement means friendliness to Meriem, and the other advertisement means an enemy."

"Qui tient à son intérêt, the Third Classic says," Blake remarked, musingly, turning the paper over again, and spelling it out for himself; "while the other man says only des renseignements indubitable sur la mort, avec ou sans héritiers, du nommé Clarence Knyvett?"

It somehow sounds as if the girl wanted to find somebody somewhere to represent this man Clarence, deceased, and as if the other fellow, on the contrary, was anxious, if possible, to cut him off root and branch, without further to do about it."

"That's exactly how I read it," Le Marchant answered, with a satisfied nod. "So we'll throw ourselves without reserve on Miss Knyvett's mercy."

"Which Miss Knyvett?" Blake asked, provokingly. "Meriem, or the other one?"

"The other one, you know quite well, Vernon. Not a moment shall be lost. I'll write this very day direct to London."

"You think she'll come in for Sir Arthur's money, then?"

"No, I don't. It's impossible. She has no legal title. That's why I propose to write to the lady rather than to the man. Mr. Harold Knyvett, whoever he may be, is certain to take a man's point of view about it. If the fortune's his, he'll do nothing for Meriem. We won't be able to work upon his feelings. But if it's the girl's—the Third Classic's, I mean—she's pretty sure to recognise the tie of blood, in spite of everything, and to make some handsome recognition of Meriem's moral claims upon her generosity."

"Why moral claims only?" the painter asked, puzzled. "Why shouldn't Meriem succeed to the property in due course if it's really hers? You see, they say they want to find the heirs of Clarence Knyvett or Joseph Leboutillier, who will hear of something that goes to their advantage. Surely a man's own daughter's his heir—or rather his heiress. And that's just what the other fellow seems most afraid of; for the thing he clearly wants to pay twenty pounds for is proof that this man, Clarence Knyvett, died without heirs, leaving him, Mr. Harold, to succeed to the property."

"Exactly so," Le Marchant answered, taking in the situation at a glance, with his clear logical mind. "A man's daughter's his heiress, of course, at least for personality, provided she's his daughter by the law of England. But the law of England, with its usual mediæval absurdity, takes no account of anything so unimportant as mere paternity or hereditary relationship; according to its theory, Meriem here is in no way related to her own father. It's grotesque, of course, but I'm afraid it's the fact. From the point of view of the law of England, she's a mere waif and stray, no more connected with her own family and her own friends than anybody else in England or in Kabylie."

"How so?" the painter asked, in wondering surprise.

"Because," Le Marchant answered, "as Père Baba told us, her father and mother were only married by the Kabyle rite—that is to say, as Mahomedans marry. Now, Mahomedanism permits the institution of polygamy; and though the Kabyles themselves are not practical polygamists, having retained in that, as in so many other

espects, in spite of Islam, their old Roman and European habits, yet theoretically at least, and by Mahomedan law, a Kabyle has the right to marry four wives if he pleases. Hence, according to the law of England, a marriage with a Kabyle woman by the Mahomedan rite is a polygamous marriage. Such a marriage isn't recognised by our Courts—I've seen the case tried, and I know it to be so; and in the eye of our law, accordingly, Meriem herself is illegitimate, and has no sort of relationship with her own father."

"But it's absurd; it's unjust!" Blake cried, in astonishment.

"What else do you expect," his companion asked, bitterly, "from the law of England?"

"Why, look here," Blake exclaimed again, with the ordinary impotent youthful indignation against the manifest wrongfulness of established custom, "that's such rot, you know. There's no sort of question of polygamy in it at all. Doesn't Shakespeare say, 'Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments?'"

"But Shakespeare would hardly be admitted as an authority of collateral value with Blackstone in an English Court," Le Marchant answered, with a bitter smile.

"Well, take it by common sense, then," Vernon Blake went on, excitedly. "This man Knyvett, Meriem's father, took for his wedded wife a Kabyle woman, Halima, or whatever else they choose to call her, by the law of the country in which they lived, and was faithful to her only all the days of his lifetime. If that's not marriage, I don't know what is. He never married any other wife that I can hear of; and by the Kabyle custom he couldn't, or wouldn't, ever have done so. If he had, Mrs. Halima would have brought the house down about his ears, I'll bet you any money. These Kabyle women are unaccustomed to such proceedings. It was a monogamous marriage, if that's the proper word—and a jolly good word, too, supposing only it's in the right place—as much as any marriage any day in England. Hang it all, if that's English law, you know, I don't think very much of the wisdom of our ancestors."

"Nevertheless," Le Marchant replied, with a serious face, "I'm quite sure I represent it correctly. The marriage being contracted under Mahomedan law is, *ipso facto*, a polygamous marriage, whether a second wife be taken or not, and, as such, it's not recognised for a marriage at all, in the Christian sense, by the law of England. Meriem is therefore not legitimate, and not Clarence Knyvett's heiress at all. So what we've got to do on her behalf is merely to interest Miss Iris Knyvett in her as far as practicable, and to make the best terms we can possibly make for her. For my part, I shall be satisfied if the result of the incident is merely to establish communications between Meriem and her English relatives, and so, perhaps, in the end, to save the poor girl from the hateful fate of being handed over, bound hand and foot, to either Ahmed or Hussein; to prevent that, I would do almost anything."

"Even to marrying her!" cried Blake, lightly.

"Even to marrying her!" Le Marchant repeated, with a sigh.

As if it were so easy a thing to marry Meriem.

"And will you tell Miss Knyvett all this?" Blake asked, after a moment. I mean about the marriage being polygamous, and so forth?"

"Certainly not!" Le Marchant said, with much firmness. "Let them find out all that for themselves, if they will. Mr. T. K. Whitmarsh, of Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, whoever he may be, may be safely trusted to arrive at that conclusion fast enough for himself. I, for my part, hold a brief for Meriem, and what I want is merely to enlist your Third Classic's sympathy as much as I can on her behalf. I shall dwell only upon the blood-relationship, and on her goodness and beauty, and on the hunted-down life of that poor man, her father. I shall try to make Miss Knyvett feel that the girl (as I suppose) is, after all, at least her cousin."

"Work upon her feelings, in short," the painter suggested, smiling.

"Work upon her feelings, if she's got any," Le Marchant responded, with a hurried glance towards the Amine's cottage; "let her know that, though she may be a Third Classic at Cambridge, there's one of her own blood and kith and kin over here in Grande Kabylie who's as fine and as grand and as noble-minded a woman as she can be any day. That's why I mean to write to the girl herself and not to the lawyer, who, of course, as a man of business, would have no bowels of compassion to speak of."

"My dear Le Marchant, your infatuation about that girl's becoming really ridiculous," Vernon Blake said, laughing. "It's a good thing for her that it's you, not me,"—yes, dear Mr. Critic, he said me instead of I, and I won't take it upon me to correct his grammar—"who have to write to Miss Knyvett about her. I couldn't say so much in her favour."

"Perhaps not," Le Marchant answered, a little contemptuously. And he remembered those pregnant words of a great thinker, "Each man sees in the universe around him what each man brings the faculty of seeing."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL

VERNON BLAKE's sketch of the white-robed natives under the tree opposite was a lively and vigorous one; as well it might be, indeed; for could the two young Englishmen only have heard and understood the conversation that was passing in low Kabyle whispers between those idyllic-looking men under the shady oak-boughs, their hearts might have stood still within them for horror. The South plays with death and blood. The Kabyle village council, in open-air moot under the sacred oak assembled, was debating in full form no less high and important a question of policy than the total extinction of French rule in Eastern Algeria.

"Then all we have to do ourselves," the Amine was remarking, in soft earnest tones, as Blake jotted him down with upstretched arm so vividly in his sketch-book, "is to kill every man, woman, and child of the infidels down yonder at St. Cloud, with Allah's blessing. The rest we may leave to the tribes to accomplish."

"That is all we have to do, son of the Faithful," the eldest marabout answered, with a wave of his hand towards the high mountains. "The Beni-Yenni and the Aith-Menguellath will take care for their part to crush out the garrison up above at Fort National."

"You are fools to try," a strong and stalwart middle-aged Kabyle in a red hood, standing a little apart from the group by himself, remarked quietly, with a sneer on his face. "The French can crush you as a camel's foot crushes ants in the desert. They crushed you so in the disgrace of 1851—for by that name the great but abortive insurrection of 1870 is universally known to the Moslems of Algeria.

"Hark at Amzian!" the Amine cried, contemptuously. "He's half an unbeliever himself, I know, because he was a Spaniard, and served in France. The women of the infidels made great eyes at him. They have shaken his faith. He puts no trust in Allah. He is always discouraging the true believers from any attempt to recover their freedom."

"I am no infidel," Amzian answered, angrily, with a toss of his head, folding his burnous around him with pride, as he spoke. "I am no infidel; I am a true Moslem; the Prophet has no more faithful follower than me; but I have been to France, and I know the French, how many they are. Their swarms are as locusts, when plague-time comes. They would crush you as the camel crushes ants in the sand. Why, the people in Paris alone, I tell you, Amine, are like flies on the carcase, more numerous than all the tribes in Kabylie."

"Allah is great," the Amine retorted, piously. "The least among His people are stronger, if it be His will, than thousands of infidels."

"He didn't help us in 1851," Amzian suggested, with some reserve.

"Ay, but the time has now come, so the marabouts say," the Amine responded, with a rapid glance towards one of them, "when Islam is to rise all together in its might against the hordes of the infidel. Has it not come to your ears, unbeliever, how the Christians have been driven by the Mahdi out of the Sudan? How the enemies of the Faith hardly hold Suakin? How Khartoum has been taken by the hosts of Allah? The day of the great deliverance is at hand. Islam shall no longer obey the dogs of Christians."

"We shall never drive the dogs of Christians out of Kabylie," the sceptical Amzian murmured once more, with a hard-headedness, "as long as the French are drilled and armed, and officered as they are, while we are but a horde, and as long as they hold the keys of Fort National."

"Let us ask Hadji Daood," the Amine ejaculated, much shocked at such rationalistic latitudinarianism. "He has been to Mecca, and has seen the world. He knows better than any of us, who stay at home in Kabylie, whether these things are so or not."

The meeting applauded with a silent clicking of some fifty tongues. The intimate knowledge of French internal affairs to be acquired during a coasting voyage from Bougie down the Tunis seaboard to Alexandria and Jeddah, naturally gave the Hadji's opinion no little weight upon this abstruse question.

"Hadji Daood ben Marabet," the Amine said, solemnly, interrogating the old man as a new Parliamentary hand might interrogate a veteran of many Sessions, "do you think, or do you not think, the French are so very strong that they could crush us as a camel crushes a desert ant-hill?"

Hadji Daood ben Marabet wagged his grey old head, solemnly, in the sight of the meeting, till the caftan nearly fell off his bald shaved pate. "I have been to Mecca, Amine," he answered, with infinite dignity, "and seen the kingdoms of the world and all their glory; and this is the word I have to tell you: the might of the infidel is as dust in the balance to the might of the faithful and the servants of Allah."

The Amine glanced triumphant at the annihilated Amzian, who retired, abashed, into the shade of his burnous. "But the French are so strong," he murmured, still, with the native irrepressibility of the born heretic, "that they will crush us all out as they crushed out Mokrani, who fought against them in the great insurrection."

The Amine took no more notice of the discredited and discredited ex-European soldier. Why should he give himself such airs, indeed, and pose as an authority, merely because he had been beaten at Sarrebrouck and at Gravelotte? "It is clear, then," the Amine said, continuing his discourse, "that Allah is going to deliver the infidels into the hands of His people. Our part in the work is to attack St. Cloud, and slay every man, woman, and child—but, above all, to kill Madame l'Administratrice."

"Why her in particular?" Ahmed asked, with a smile. "Is she so much worse, then, than all other Christians?"

"She is a Christian," the Amine answered, "and that alone should suffice. When the marabouts proclaim a *Jihad*, a holy war, every Christian in Islam is alike our enemy. But the woman of the high heels is the worst of them all. Was it not she who called us 'pigs of Kabyles?' Was it not she who destroyed the shrine of the great saint, Si Mohammed Said with the Two Tombs, to erect in its place a dancing pavilion in her own garden? Was it not she who forbade our women to come and weep on Fridays at the spot where the blessed Sheikh El-Haddad, the blacksmith, pouted out his great life for Kabylie and Islam, because their wailing interrupted her peace when she read the vile books, full of orgies and wickedness, she brings over from Paris?"

"And when our people would have taken the stones of the shrine to erect them again here at Beni-Merzoug," Hadji Daood cried, doddering, "it was the woman of the high heels who refused to give us them, because she wanted the tiles from the holy place to adorn her bed-chamber, and the carved marble from the pillars and the coping-stone to make the base of her wanton summer-house."

"Therefore for this," the Amine went on, piously, with a solemn ring, "we will dash out the brains of the woman with the high heels against the marble parapet of her own summer-house, and give her bones to the jackals to eat on the site of the shrine of Si Mohammed Said."

"And every soul that lives in her house," the Hadji droned out, waxing stronger with the excitement, "we will kill and destroy in honour of Allah and of Mohammed His Prophet."

"So be it," the Amine assented, with a grave nod.

The Kabyles around bent their heads to the ground in token of approval.

"Hush!" the Amine cried, in an authoritative voice, looking round him suddenly, and perceiving a diversion. "The spirit of prophecy has come over the marabout."

As he spoke a marabout stood out for one moment from the busy throng, his eyes wild and fierce, and his mouth foaming. He turned himself round once or twice slowly, on one foot as a pivot; then waxing faster and faster as the excitement increased, he whirled round and round, violently, for several minutes, with a rapid and angry swaying movement. At last he paused, looked round him in ecstasy, and drove a pin through his outstretched tongue with a face free from all signs of pain or emotion. As they looked he began to recite, deep down in his throat, a sort of droning song in a long, irregular, native metre.

"The Frenchmen came; they said, *Bonjour*; in an evil day they said *Good day* to us.

"The Frenchmen came; they said, *Bonsoir*; 'twas a sleepless night when they said *Good night* to us.

"The Frenchmen came; they said, *Merci*; we have little to thank them for teaching us *Thank you*.

"The Frenchmen came; they said to us, *Frere*; with brotherly love have they kicked us and bullied us.

"The Frenchmen came; they called us, *Cochon*; dogs and mules had more honour than we have.

"The word of Allah came to His marabouts; Stir up my people against the dogs of infidels.

"Whom shall we stir up, oh, All Wise, oh, All Powerful? The sons of the Kabyles against the sons of the Frenchmen.

"The Beni-Yenni to the gates of Fort National; the Beni-Merzoug to Saint Cloud in the valley.

"Slay every soul in Saint Cloud, ye Beni-Merzoug; slay, and obtain the blessing of Allah.

"Slay, above all, her of the high heels; bring down her proud head in the dust of her highway.

"Slay every soul that comes under her roof; the desecrated roof of Si Mohammed Said.

"Let those who robbed my dead saint be requited; let those who dishonoured his holy bones be punished.

"Slay, saith Allah, by the voice of his marabouts, slay—slay with the sword; kill all, and spare not."

The marabout sat down, collapsing suddenly, as if the fire of inspiration had all at once been withdrawn from him. The pin still held his tongue between his teeth. The foam at his mouth was reddened with blood. The Kabyles around looked on admiringly.

There was a short pause, during which no one spoke aloud, though many whispered; then Amzian the unbeliever asked, some-

what incredulously, "And when will you begin this *Jihad* against the infidel?"

"That is as Allah wills," the Amine responded, bowing his head.

"We will wait and be governed by the event that arises. Events crowd thickly in these latter days. The house of the infidels is divided against itself. Have you not heard that there will soon be new wars again between the people of *Oui-Oui* and the people of *Ja-Ja?*"

"It is true," Amzian assented, "that the French and the Germans are likely to have war when he who is now Sultan of Germany bites the dust in the ground before Allah."

"When that time comes," the Amine said, solemnly, "let every believer draw sword for Islam."

"So be it," the assembly assented, once more, with faces all turned of one accord towards Mecca.

At that point the meeting was about to break up informally, when Amzian, with a backward jerk of his thumb, called attention to the presence of strangers in the gallery.

"How about them?" he asked, with a sniff, indicating by the contemptuous movement of his hand the spot where Le Marchant and Blake were sitting.

"They are English," the Amine replied; "they are not French. The English are good. I know their mind. My brother Yusuf was himself an Englishman."

"In a *Jihad*," Ahmed, Meriem's rejected suitor, remarked, with the air of a man who proclaims an indifferent abstract principle, "all infidels alike are commanded to be slain, without fear or favour, without lot or exception."

"True," the Amine retorted; "but the English are good; I have heard that they are just to the Moslems in Egypt."

"When I was at Mecca," the Hadji interposed, leaning upon his staff with his trembling hands, "I met many Moslems from Sind and Ind, who swore by the Prophet's beard they would as soon live under the Sultan of the English as under the Caliph of the Faithful himself at Stamboul."

"But if these infidels find out, they will spoil all," Hussein grumbled, from a corner. "They see far too much as it is of our women."

"Meriem is their interpreter, and speaks their tongue," the Amine interposed, in a deprecating voice. "They pay me well for the milk they buy, and for the grain, and for the *cous-cous*, and for the rent due for the site of their encampment. I have given a fresh coverlet to the shrine of our Saint out of part of the rent they have paid us for encamping."

"If this thing gets about among the women," Ahmed observed, with a sinister scowl, "there will be no keeping a word of it from the girl Meriem."

"And if Meriem hears," Hussein continued, taking up the parable, "she will tell it all to her friend, the painter of pictures."

"We are Moslems," the Amine observed, drawing his burnous symbolically close around him in a manner expressive of profound secrecy. "We do not blab to our women like the Christians. We can keep our own counsel. We are men, not children; of Islam, not infidels."

"Let no man speak a word of all this to his wedded wife," the Hadji cried, raising one skinny palsied forefinger. "If it reaches the French, we shall know it was the English; if it reaches the English, we shall know it was Meriem; if it reaches Meriem, we shall find out what traitor's wife has told her. And whoever it is, French, English, or Moslem, they all shall die, by the beard of the Prophet."

"What an impressive attitude!" Blake cried, looking up. "He's finer even than the dervish fellow we saw at Algiers. I think I'll just stop and sketch in the old boy while you go and write that letter, Le Marchant."

(To be continued.)



THE first Drawing-Room of the season was noticeable for two features, the half-mourning toilettes worn by the Royal Family, from respect to the widowed Empress Frederick, and the slight modifications in the orthodox Court costumes, which, by the way, were only adopted by those who were in delicate health, or past the heyday of youth. Half-mourning was taken in its broadest sense, the combinations of pure white and silver, of the most delicate shades of grey and pearl embroidery, of rich black lace, and exquisitely cut jet trimmings forming a very refined background for the brilliant colourings worn by some of the company.

The Directoire and Empire style, more or less modified, are still much worn, but our old favourite the Princess robe has again come to the fore, and with good reason, as it is so well adapted to the rich materials now in vogue. Much of the success of a Princess robe depends upon the cut, as the bodice and skirt are all in one it serves well as a background for the handsome embroidery and *passamanerie* which are now so fashionable.

Three very effective Princess robes were recently made for a bridal *trousseau*, the one, for a dinner-dress, was of cream-coloured brocaded silk, with a raised design of *narcissi*, tied with a silver ribbon, a *tablier*, and for a quarter of a yard round the hem, was ornamented with bunches of the same flowers; on the low square-cut corsage was an embroidered band of satin; sleeve knots of satin with silver tags. A second, a reception-dress, was of Grenat velvet, elaborately trimmed with jetted *passamanerie* and fringe; the front of the skirt was arranged with three rows of graduated fringe, the longest being half a yard deep. The third was a walking-dress of myrtle-green faced-cloth, the hem and front breadth braided in a conventional design, three widths of braid; cuffs and epaulettes to match.

Fringe is amongst the most popular revivals of the period; it is made in a great number of designs and colourings, sometimes in plain black, or to match the dress for which it is intended, at others with metal strands and pendants to represent flowers or fruit.

A very novel trimming was recently made to be worn with a brown cloth costume; it consisted of plastron, from the throat to the hem, of silk gimp, pattern, oak leaves and acorns in shades; cuffs, epaulettes, and collar to match.

A very stylish dinner dress may be made thus: underskirt of pale pink *gaze de soie*, arranged with finely set pleats from the bust to the hem; dress of ruby velvet, with a long square train; at the openings on each side a rich design of gold thread embroidery terminating in a deep fringe; low corsage of velvet, with embroidered revers; elbow sleeves of gauze and velvet.

At a very *distingué* wedding last month the costumes were most elegant. The bridal dress was of white silk, brocaded in a pattern of magnolia buds and leaves; on the left side was a panel of orange blossom and leaves, which had a very novel and pleasing effect; a small wreath of orange blossom was worn under a flowing veil of plain tulle. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white silk, trimmed with beaver; the small hats were of beaver-coloured velvet, trimmed with white silk and feathers. Amongst a number of elegant toilettes was a pale Gobelin blue touched up with pink; small blue bonnet to match; the shades were remarkably well chosen, as were also those of a costume of golden-brown cloth over a skirt of pale

The bouquet forms a very important part of a morning or evening toilette. To be quite correct, it should match the colour of the robe or its trimmings. Already are to be seen posies of white and mauve lilac, tied with ribbons to match, roses from the purest white to the deepest red, violets, lilies, and anemones, together with marvellous orchids and rare exotics. Bonnets are worn very small, more often than not without strings; this fashion is all very well for pretty young faces, but unfortunately many middle-aged belles whose faces have lost their valour contour perch these little bonnets on the top of their heads, and the result is most disastrous.

A stylish hat was made for a young girl; it was of brown velvet with a wide, flat brim, trimmed with brown ribbon embroidered in gold. Six canary birds placed in a row on the left side of the crown at first sight aroused the indignation of all admirers of these feathered songsters, but on close examination it was found that they were imitations of the bird in painted velvet.

The latest novelty in tea-gowns is made from Japanese robes, combined with soft silk ; these quaint costumes are too scanty to suit our European taste. One was of a stone-coloured ground, with a multi-colour embroidered border ; it was opened in the front and at each side, to show an underskirt of faded rose-pink silk ; the wide hanging-sleeves were lined with pink silk, and a wide silk sash, five yards long, was tied at the back with large bows. Tea-gowns are now worn by quite young girls, and very useful they are ; when donned after active exercise—riding, skating, or walking—they should be made simply with a view to warmth and comfort. The difference between the use of a tea-gown by a matron and a young girl is, that the former may wear this garment for the family dinner without being accused of idleness, whilst if indulged in by the latter it is apt to degenerate into too much *laissez aller*. Three tea-gowns made for young girls were :—One of cream-coloured Liberty silk, with a Watteau pleat ; it was arranged with a tight-fitting under-bodice of fine flannel lined with swanskin ; this was to avoid the sudden chill of taking off a cloth-padded habit bodice, and on preparing the wearer for evening attire ; round the hem of the demi-train was a thick double ruching of pale blue silk, a loose front of the silk fell in graceful folds from the throat to the feet. A second was made of pale grey fine cloth, with a border of dark green velvet vine-leaves and purple grapes ; this trimming was carried up the front ; collar and cuffs to match. The third gown was of olive-green velvet, made quite plain, with a cream lace quilled fill under the hem ; ruffles at the throat and wrists ; large cut-set buttons.

Opera mantles are for the most part made with simulated sleeves, short at the back, long square ends in front; the majority of them for this month are trimmed with fur—for example, golden-coloured plush, with ermine or miniver; cream or white brocaded silk, with sable or natural beaver; white curly lamb trimmings are pretty on any material, so is white fox.

For young girls' ball dresses *lissee*, *gauze*, *net*, *crêpe de Chine*, and *grenadine* are much worn, made very simply, with plain skirts gathered in at the waist; under the hem, three narrow pinked frills, wide silk sash, braces and shoulder-knots of ribbon. A panel of flowers is sometimes effectively introduced at one side of the *tulle* skirt, with a floral stomacher *V*-shape on the low bodice. Grecian drapery is still popular with tall graceful figures, but those who care to dance in real earnest should avoid this style, as it soon gets crushed and spoiled.

Now that low bodices are so much worn, the Figaro jackets have again made their appearance and very coquettish they are when made of dark bright-coloured velvet, richly embroidered in gold or silver. We have seen a very jaunty little jacket of cream-coloured velvet embroidered in small green glass beads, and edged with balls to match; the effect was that of emeralds; the same may be carried out in ruby beads or crystal beads; a white cashmere may be worked in brilliant-coloured silk and beads; in fact there is no end to the variations which may be made in these jackets.

The hair, with few exceptions, is dressed very high, bands and small coronets of gold, with jewels, are now to be seen, in addition to fancy pins; a small wreath of natural flowers is sometimes perched on the top of the head, but, as a rule, this style is very unbecoming.



ADELINE SERGEANT's "Esther Denison" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) cannot, among its many great merits, claim that of being well constructed. The first volume seems intended to lead to an altogether different novel—something like "John Ward, Preacher," for example, or some other of the semi-theological novels which bid fair to constitute the favourite school of fiction for the moment; it is certainly no introduction for a story over which it exercises no influence, and which would have taken precisely the same course had the views held by the heroine's father been narrow enough to suit his remarkably intolerant congregation. Then, when the real story is satisfactorily over, it opens out again into a new plot with no inconceivable purpose except to beat out the troubles of the hero and heroine to the orthodox length, as if their duration had been originally miscalculated. Since Nana's death was a foregone as well as a necessary conclusion, killing her virtually twice over is merely tiresome and clumsy. The intermediate portion, however, of "Esther Denison" is very good indeed. The characters are crisply and clearly drawn and contrasted, and are interesting in themselves; and many of the incidents and situations have an exceptional freshness. Of the *dramatis personæ* the general favourite, and deservedly so, will be Phyllis, the ultra-Bohemian young person who is as pure and honest as she is high-spirited and conventional, and passes through the perils of life with such good humour and pluck as scarcely to deserve credit for what comes to her so easily. The heroine's journalistic experiences in the North are also amusing and unhackneyed. Altogether the novel, despite its artistic faults, is to be cordially recommended; and readers must not let themselves be deceived. See Volume One.

not let themselves be scared off by *Volume One*.
Bret Harte has provided for his readers an exceedingly agreeable surprise in "Cressy" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.). One knows so well what to expect from his name on a title-page, and has grown so callously familiar with every one of the half-dozen humorous or sentimental tricks of his one or two tunes, as to take up "Cressy" with a sense rather of resignation than of anything better; and it proves altogether fresh, amusing, and even charming. Of course, the scene is laid in that partly real, partly conventional, and partly imaginary region which may be roughly called Bret Harte's country; but the characters, though their nomenclature and general relationship to Dickens is familiar, are good enough to take their place in literature, and to be promoted to the rank of having allusions made to them which everybody would understand. Uncle Ben, for example, with his struggles late in life to make up for a defective education, and his chuldnishness in everything but business, is a character of which Bret Harte's master might have been proud; and so also of that little imp Johnny Filgee, and that strange compound of savageness

and tenderness, Cressy's father. But all the persons are good and striking enough in their several ways to make their acquaintance an exceptional pleasure. There is no particular story, at least on the surface; but then none is needed.

"Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," by "Tasma" (1 vol.: Trübner and Co.), though called an Australian novel, has nothing characteristically Australian beyond its title. So far as persons and incidents are concerned, the story might have been laid anywhere. Its chief peculiarity is that all the *dramatis personae* are members of a single family curiously complicated by step-relationships and excessive oppositions of character and disposition. The wrong couples pair off and everything runs to apparently hopeless loggerheads until everything gets set right by a carriage accident in a way which is decidedly creditable to "Tasma's" ingenuity. The novel, while heavy and over-full of needless and therefore tedious repetition, displays decided talent for portraiture of a highly-coloured kind. The contrast between the plain and self-effacing sister who is left married and happy, and the beautiful sister who fascinates everybody and yet remains hopelessly single, is drawn with much more originality than the situation would lead one to expect; and there is a fresh and pleasant picture of an old-fashioned little girl, who, however, is not killed.

There is a theory, with a great deal of truth in it, that happy people like to take their fiction sadly, while people whom life has made personally acquainted with sadness prefer to find as little as possible in novels. That Mrs. J. K. Spender is a popular novelist, as we believe she is, speaks volumes—indeed as many volumes as she has written—for the number of people who know how to read, and yet are happy. "Kept Secret" (3 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) is, like its predecessors, anything but a cheerful story. An exceptional amount of relief is attempted in a sketch of life in a German boarding-house of Bohemian proclivities, but Mrs. Spender's notion of what constitutes fun is so terribly elephantine that when her characters once more take to their normal misery the result is almost pleasant for a little while. The central character is a feeble-minded banker who committed a murder early in life, and has continued ever since to do weak and foolish things in a weak and foolish way. Unluckily his wife, who had hitherto adored him, found him out, and, before dying of the shock, was guilty of the incredible wickedness of leaving a letter for her little daughter, not to be given her till she should be grown up and about to marry, so that the child, after growing up in love and honour of her father, should know the truth just when its knowledge would ruin her happiness. The result is as might be expected, a sort of twilight effect being obtained from the darkness by the suicide of the banker by means of laughing gas. The only other character of note is a strong-minded young woman, whose capacity for thinking about herself would not speak much for the wholesomeness of an Oxford training for girls.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey has made an admirable translation of Paul Bourget's "*André Cornélis*" (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett). We wish she had given us something of her own instead. It would have been just as admirably written, and infinitely better worth writing than M. Bourget's dull and morbid study.



FOR two quite different reasons, the "Memoirs of the Count de Falloux" (Chapman and Hall) will commend themselves to two quite different classes of readers. They contain a number of good stories about prominent people from Charles X. to Napoleon III.; they contain, too, a careful and conscientious statement of Legitimist opinion on all points of French policy down to the publication of the Count de Chambord's Manifesto. M. de Falloux was a sincere Roman Catholic; he was once called "the apologist for St. Bartholomew," because he pointed out that it was not religion, but the character of Catherine and of Charles IX. which caused the massacre—"could we dream of its happening under Blanche of Castille and Saint Louis?" He was also a thorough-going Legitimist, yet for a time he held office under the Prince President. M. Molé, Montalembert, and Abbé Dupanloup almost insisted on his doing so, lest the cause of Catholic education should want a champion. He soon resigned through ill-health, and at the *Coup d'état* found himself, like almost every other prominent Deputy, hurried off to prison. M. Berryer shared his imprisonment. It is very interesting to get the views of a conscientious, high-minded Catholic nobleman; they often differ widely from those of M. Veuillot. His true liberality is proved by his admiration of M. Thiers, and by his warm friendship for M. de Persigny—a friendship which survived the *Coup*. Young De Falloux was a Talmud worshipper, and remembers how people used to sit out the stupid play of *Falkland* just to hear the "Hein!" into which the great actor managed to throw a whole world of apprehension and remorse. The pictures of provincial life in the days when a country-houses in the Vendean corner of Anjou ox-carts fitted up with awnings and velvet arm-chairs were the only alternative to saddles and pillion, are well matched with the story of the Count's later life at Bourg d'Iré, where he was the soul of the farmers' clubs, and established cottage hospitals.

farmers' clubs, and established cottage hospitals. Professor Montagu Burrows' "Cinque Ports" (Longmans), will take high rank in the "Historic Towns" Series. The Professor tells well the story of their rise and fall ; of the naval victories "those earliest Trafalgars," of Dover Straits and St. Mahé, in which they took a prominent part, &c. He describes the strange feud, lasting for centuries, between them and the town of Great Yarmouth, which had grown up from their yearly fishing settlement. This feud was so bitter that, at the Swyn, while the English army was being put ashore under Edward I.'s eyes, the Cinque Port-men suddenly fell on the Yarmouthers and burnt more than twenty of their ships, killing the crews—the King's treasure-ship narrowly escaping. More interesting even than the history is Mr. Burrows' sketch of the physical geography of the district—the changes wrought by the "eastward drift," the consequent decay, first of Richborough, then of Sandwich ; the silting up of the Wantsum, sealing the ordinary route from France to London ; the drainage of the inland sea where now is Romney Marsh ; the yearly growth of Dungeness, and its effect on the coast-line.

Dungeness, and its effect on the coast-line.

A melancholy interest attaches to Mrs. J. R. Green's "Henry II." (Macmillan). Every page of this thoughtful monograph reminds us of the author of the "History of the English People." There is the same picturesqueness combined with conscientious accuracy which is such a boon to the reader, while it imposes such a restraint on the writer. Of picturesque histories we have plenty; but the picturesqueness is mostly attained at the sacrifice of truth. Chronicles and contemporary pamphlets become a snare when a writer seeks in them for foregone conclusions, or reads into them his own views of things. Mrs. Green has no private bias. Henry is her hero, "The King who first brought England, Scotland, and Ireland, to some vague acknowledgment of a common suzerain Lord," who abolished feudalism as a system of government, and left it little more than a system of land-tenure, who defined the relations between Church and State, and preserved our early traditions of self-government." But she "nothing extenuates" of his bad qualities.

We cannot hope to do justice to Miss Julia Wedgwood's "Moral

We cannot hope to do justice to Miss Julia Wedgwood's "Moral Ideal" (Trübner). All we can do is to call the attention of those who care to read a real book to one of the most thoughtful and carefully-reasoned works that we have seen for a long time. What was twenty years writing naturally needs careful reading; and this "History of Human Aspirations" (as Miss Wedgwood thought of calling it) will well repay such reading. Indeed, we cannot point to any treatise in which the problems of the past (they are also those of the present) and the various attempts to solve them are so suggestively connected with the tentative solutions that more or less satisfy us nowadays. From "India and the Primal Unity," through "Persia and the Religion of Conflict," and "Greece the Harmony of Opposites," and "Rome the Reign of Law," followed by that "Age of Death" of which Epictetus was the mouthpiece, Miss Wedgwood leads us to "the Heritage of To-day," proving that Ideal Humanity will not suffice us for a centre of attraction, inasmuch as "no ideal is possible if that which is idealised knows no beyond." The book is saturated (no one would be readier to confess this than the writer) with F. D. Maurice's spirit. When we read, for instance, the remarks on the Athanasian Creed, it is almost as if this teacher was still speaking in more eloquent phrase, and with less stringent limitations than those to which he subjected himself. There is the same love of paradox, which in him was a stumbling-block to some; while of eloquence—Maurician, but beyond Maurice's wonted range—we would note p. 369 on the germ of truth in the mediæval idea of love. Those on whom moral problems press for a solution will find much help in this book. To them we commend it; though commendation is a poor word for a treatise which stands *hors ligne* amid most of what comes in a reviewer's way.

With Volume III., "miscellanies and memoir," Mr. Nettleship finishes his edition of "The Works of T. H. Green" (Longmans). Of a life like that of the late Oxford Moral Philosophy Professor, the Memoir can be little more than a mere record of opinion, given (happily) mostly in his own words. Mrs. Humphry Ward does not in the least exaggerate the influence which Green (her "Grey") exerted on the mind of young Oxford; and therefore it is well to have exactly what he felt on the highest things. And this we get not only in the Memoir but also in the Lectures on the New Testament, the Essay on Dogma, &c. The lectures on the English Commonwealth are wonderfully suggestive. Of course all Green's views on Education are specially interesting, as being the thoughtful utterances of him who was the soul of the Schools' Inquiry Commission of 1864, and who nursed with fatherly care the Oxford High School for boys. The book in its way ranks with Miss Wedgwood's; it is a *book*, and Green's strong individuality gives it unity of purpose.

As remarkable in its own line as the zeal of the missionaries is the energy with which the Bible Society follows up every mission with a new version of the Scriptures. In "The Bible in the Pacific" (Nisbet), the Rev. A. W. Murray shows how this has been done, not only for comparatively old mission fields like Tahiti, Tonga, and Hawaii, but even for New Guinea, where the four Gospels have been translated into the Port Moresby dialect, and St. Mark and St. John into the dialects of Murray Island, Mabuiag, &c. In Tahiti, Mr. Murray triumphantly assures us, the people are so used to the Bible, and so determined to have it, that the French priests are obliged to buy the Society's Bibles and to allow them to be read. We cannot help feeling that a good deal of the energy employed in these translations is misplaced. When the Jews allowed no one under thirty to read Genesis, we may well question the wisdom of placing the whole of the Old Testament in the hands of a Tahitian or a Hawaiian; while for Papuans surely a few striking passages along with some prayers and rousing hymns would supply every need. The impossibility of adequately rendering much of St. John's Gospel, for instance, into any but a highly-civilised tongue must be evident to every one who does not believe in a double miracle in connection with the work.

connection with the work.

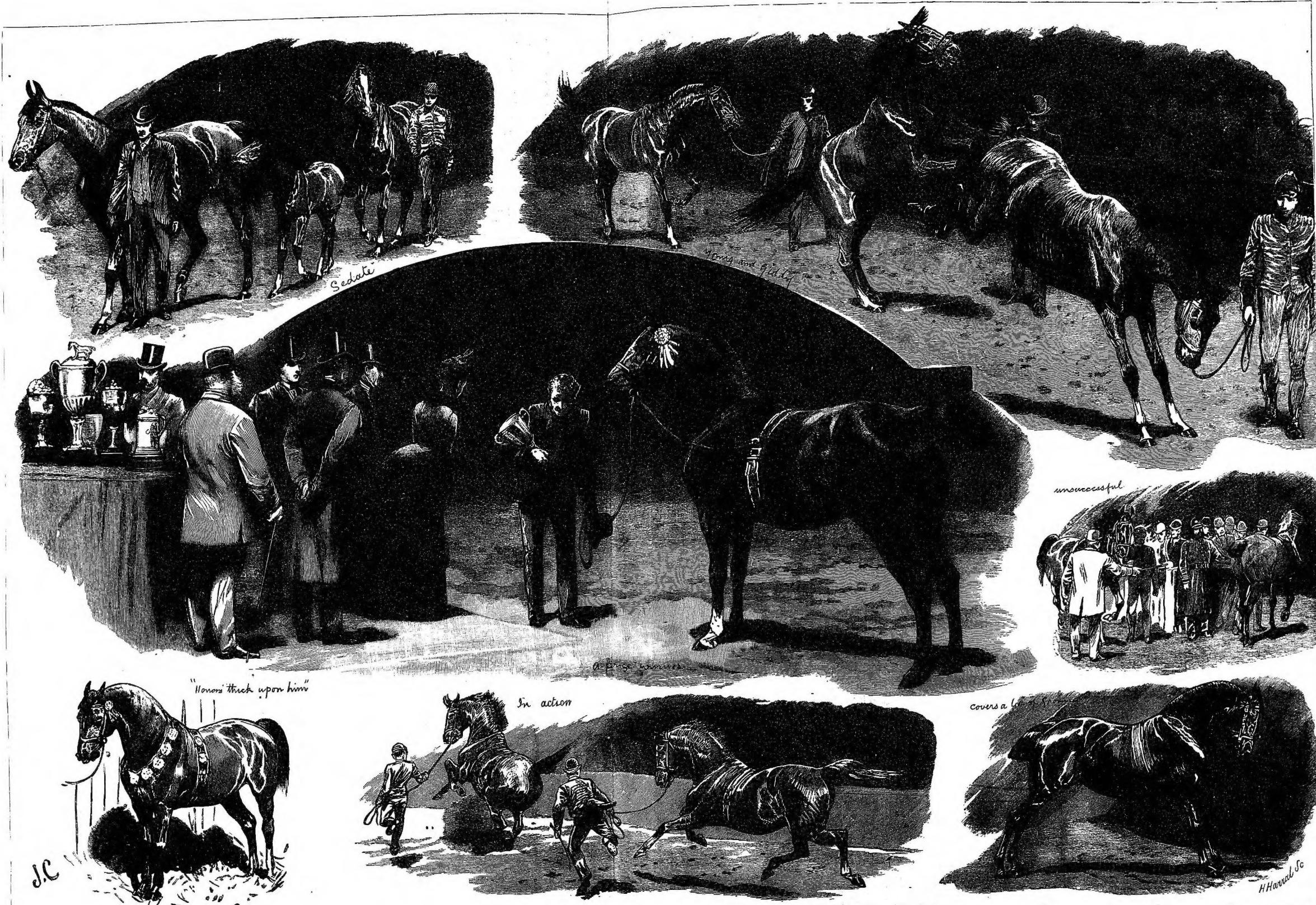
Mr. F. C. Woodhouse's "Manual for Holy Days" (Wells Gardner) is very different from the average "goody" book. "Christianity," he reminds us, "is nowadays confronted, not with new enemies, but with newly-discovered truths, which some fear because they are new, while others passionately desire to reconcile them with the old truths." Hence, "without straining after novelty, he aims at regarding old facts in the full light of modern knowledge;" and he so far succeeds as to be never dull, never commonplace, and often richly suggestive. Like many others, he thinks that for clergy in our big towns celibacy is the appointed life, so much clerical failure being due to "poverty-stricken homes, undisciplined children, mischief-making wives" (p. 107).

Mr. F. C. Woodhouse's book is "Perfect Peace".

Very different from Mr. Woodhouse's book is "Perfect Peace" (Wells Gardner). It is full of quotations, and the chapter which gives the consensus of classical antiquity against Evolution and Agnosticism, Lucretius being almost alone on the other side, is amusing, especially when Horace poses as a champion of orthodoxy. The author is equally at home, too, in scholasticism, and seriously quotes such questions as "Utrum chimæra spirans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones;" but the critical power is of the weakest. We are asked, for instance, to accept the doctrine of the Trinity because (p. 117) every solid is of three dimensions; and to believe that heretic-burnings were permitted (p. 15) because "the Crusades had demoralised Western Christianity, and the public conscience wanted to be soaked in blood to be washed clean!"

In more than 700 closely printed pages, his son and Rev. S. Scoville give us "A Biography of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher" (Sampson Low). And doubtless there are many in both continents to whom the childhood, as well as the manhood, of the brother of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is too interesting for a single word to be omitted. Naturally the less sympathising reader turns to the Bowen-Tilton-Moulton period. It followed sadly soon on the great triumph at the close of the war, when, on the occasion of Mr. Beecher's silver wedding, "Dr. Storrs spoke magnificently, and Mr. Beecher, with tears, and trembling from head to foot, arose, and, putting his hand on Dr. Storrs' shoulder, kissed him on the cheek, amid the rapturous applause of the vast congregation." Politics counted for something in the "Tilton scandal;" the "Cleveland letters" were so violently assailed in Mr. Bowen's paper, the *Independent*, that Mr. Beecher had to cease all connection with it, and to set up a rival periodical. Mr. Beecher's letters, journals, &c., being given in full, we have all the materials for forming a judgment; and that judgment can scarcely fail to be favourable to Mr. Beecher. His enemies were malignant and unscrupulous, and a chivalrous feeling led him to screen, in a way that was certain to be misunderstood, the very silly Mrs. Tilton. Much better than all this extinct scandal is the record of Mr. Beecher's European travels—his interviewing Leopold of Belgium, for instance, and assuring him that "if they meant to refer their quarrel to any Sovereign, they would choose him, but that they proposed to fight it out, and 'to meet to win'."

The "Church Sunday School Handbook" and "Lessons on Bible and Prayer Book Teaching" (Church of England Sunday School Institute) both show that practicalness which marks most of the publications of this Society. The former, by Mr. E. F. Cachemaille, has reached a fourth edition, and contains plans of Sunday School buildings, specimens of registers, hints for children's services, &c., &c. The latter, which is the first of a three year course, contains thirteen lessons on the Catechism and on the Gospels.



NOTES AT THE HACKNEY HORSE SOCIETY'S SHOW

BASE BALL

THE arrival in this country of a specially-selected team of players will no doubt stimulate the interest in this, the great national pastime of the United States, and some account of it may, therefore, be found interesting.

The game is an outgrowth of "rounders," which might naturally be thought to be too elementary a sport to be susceptible of much scientific development. As a matter of fact, however, base ball is an exceedingly scientific game, and requires so high a degree of expertise in those who are proficient in it as to exclude all but professionals. The "properties" of the game are a bat and a ball and three square bags for bases. The bat is essentially different from the cricket bat, as it is round and much longer. It tapers from the end, where it may not be more than two-and-a-half inches in diameter, to the handle, and is not more than forty-two inches in length. The ball must weigh not less than five nor more than five-and-a-quarter ounces, and be not less than nine nor more than nine-and-a-quarter inches in circumference. It is made of woollen yarn wrapped tightly around an ounce of vulcanised rubber, and is covered with leather—horse hide being commonly used. It will thus be seen that it is lighter and more elastic than the cricket ball, and, therefore, more difficult to field.

There are nine players on a side, and nine innings, in each of which three players only on each side go to the bat, constitute a game. The fielders are "catcher," "pitcher," "first baseman," "second baseman," "short stop," "left-fielder," "centre-fielder," and "right-fielder." Play having been called, the first man in the batting order of the side having first innings takes his place in one of the parallelograms marked "batsman," the one on the left of the catcher if he is right-handed, and the one on the right if he is left-handed. The pitcher then pitches the ball from the "box" marked "pitcher," and, without raising his hand above his shoulder, may deliver the

base before the ball gets there, he is safe. The next batsman then takes his place at the home-plate. His object is not only to make a hit, but to drive the ball in such a direction as to assist his predecessor around the bases. The latter will not, if he sees an opportunity, wait for the aid of his colleague at the bat, but will "steal second base," that is, make a dash for it when the pitcher is in the act of delivering the ball. This is hazardous, as the catcher is

Organ" contains twelve fairly easy original voluntaries by King Hall; it will prove very useful to amateur players of either of these instruments.—Three brief and taking pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room are "Gigue" and "Bagatelle," by E. Boggetti, and "Dresden," a stately dance by Carl Malemberg.—Two very pretty waltzes are "Forget Me Not," by Florence Fare, and "Come to My Heart," arranged by Theo. Bonheur from songs by Oscar Verne.—"The Tam O'Shanter Schottische," by D'Auvergne Barnard, is quaint and spirited; the frontispiece is very grotesque.

MESSRS. ELTON AND CO.—"The Beauteous Dream," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and George Veaco, is a pathetic song for the home circle.—No doubt there is a deep significance in "The Seven Sisters' Song," written and composed by Max Piccolomini, but very few people will be able to fathom or appreciate it.—"The Dance of the Dwarfs," by Theo. Bonheur, has been arranged for violin and piano by Henry Farmer.—Two very pleasing after-dinner pieces for the pianoforte are "Pavane," a Spanish dance, by A. Colles, and "Picciola," by Céline Kottaun.—"Gliding" is a pretty and dance-provoking valse by Hugh Clifford.

MESSRS. ROBERTS COCKS AND CO.—A song which will surely be popular is "None Know How I Love Thee!" words by W. Toynbee, music by Tito Mattei.—The same may be said of "A Song of Autumn," written and composed by T. Smith and John Henry.—Two bright and graceful pieces for the pianoforte are: "Enchante," an intermezzo, by E. Boggetti; No. 4 of "Six Récréations," pour violon avec de accompagnement de piano, is a graceful song without words.—No. 1 of "The Burlington Music Books" contains six popular songs, by well-known composers.—In "Dance Album for Christmas, 1888," will be found six of the leading examples of the season, by favourite composers. This new and inexpensive series promises to be a success.

MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—Of five pleasing songs for the drawing-room, "In My Heart," words by Cora Lynne, music by Walter Wadham, is sentimental enough for young lovers.—"The Hillside Cot" (Bwth y Bryn), English and Welsh words by the Rev. Glanfrwd Thomas, music by John Henry, is very quaint and original.—"The Mourner's Lullaby," words by Arnold H. Hoole, music by D. Charmier, is full of pathos.—As is also "The Dream King," written and composed by A. L. Salmon and H. W. Thatcher.—"Sea or Shore" is a cheerful nautical song, which is quite worthy of its two clever collaborateurs, F. E. Weatherly and Godfrey Marks.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON, author of "The New Medusa" and "Apollo and Marsyas," has written a charming and interesting little volume of "Imaginary Sonnets" (Elliot Stock). He has given sonnet form to the imaginary utterances of certain historical and legendary figures, which he supposes himself to have heard as his

Spirit stood and listened in its awe
Beside the great abyss where seethes the Past.

He has borrowed, however, from the past only the psychological and dramatic situation. The rest is his own, though many speak, from our own Henry I. down to Napoleon to a St. Helena Leaf. The versification is polished and correct, while the poet is forceful and never at a loss for pleasing fancy, though "Leonardo Da Vinci on His Snakes" is just a little uncanny:

I love to watch them, trickling on the floor
Like Evil's very oozings running free;
Now livid blue, now green as green can be,
Now almost white, though black an hour before.

Mr. Edward Kane has probably taken Mr. W. Morris for his model in "The Islanders: a Poem in Seven Cantos" (Elliot Stock). He describes in verse, not altogether unmusical, an imaginary island where love and liberty are the laws, and the inhabitants worship the sun daily in service of song. How this earthly paradise came to an end through the loss of self-restraint by Glaucus, its high priest, is told flowingly; but there is not much human interest in the story—a fatal defect in a narrative poem—if we except the episode of Glaucus and Evanthe. The sea is all very well in reality or as a subject of song; but we get tired after a time of endless lines like these, all having reference to the ocean:

Kissed the calm shores with ripples of bright dew,
Sent kingly speech from depths of crystal space.

Any one who wishes to pick up some odds and ends of legal knowledge easily might do worse than read Mr. John Popplestone's "The Lays of a Limb of the Law" (Reeves and Turner), edited, with a memoir and postscript, by Mr. Edmund B. V. Christian. Among the best of these renderings of leading cases is "Armory versus Delamirie," where the law on "Finding's Keeping" is most amusingly explained.

Mr. William Henry Seal has written a volume, "Visions of the Night: in Ballad and Song" (Kegan Paul). The music of the verse is better than the sense, and the author, perhaps unconsciously, sacrifices too much to sound. We are afraid that in the second line of his first poem he uses "noisome" for noisy. How, we wonder, do hopes droop when they droop "slenderly?" In the "Last of the Cornish Wreckers" the matter of the poem is pure nonsense. Imagine Cornish wreckers lighting a beacon to entice a ship on the rocks, which was going there as fast as wind and sea could take her without their intervention. To write a ballad one should be familiar with the commonplaces of the life of which it is supposed to be the outcome.

Commonplace and imitative, but still with some poetic feeling in it, is "Semblance, and Other Poems" (Kegan Paul), by Mr. Charles T. Lusted. On a lady's "Yes" he, perhaps correctly, observes:

In that one word she did confess
Her burning love and happiness,
With modest grace.

Where the thought is less simple, it is not always so easy to divine Mr. Lusted's meaning.

A book of the same sort is Mr. J. W. Wood's "Tales and Sketches in Prose and Verse" (Elliot Stock), though the following two lines which make up the poem to the moon have—if vague in signification—a certain originality about them:

The sun may shine on discontent,
Give me the moon for sympathy.

Here and there in "Exul's" "Twilight and Candleshades" (Kegan Paul), are some light and pretty songs; but the menu which faces each will be beyond the comprehension of most. One sprightly poem, of which Suckling need not have been ashamed, begins:

Too proud the heart that love defies
That boasts it is not made to fret,
Dear gold-brown hair and soft gray eyes.

Mr. Walter Hamilton has added a fifth volume to his "Parodies of the Works of English and American Authors" (Reeves and Turner), which he has been collecting and annotating. It should not be absent from the shelves of lovers of poetical literature.

The same remark applies to Mr. Samuel Waddington's "The Sonnets of Europe" (Walter Scott). This is a volume of translations from the Italian, French, German, and Portuguese. Notable among them is the very able rendering from the Portuguese by Mr. J. J. Aubertin of Boccace's fine sonnet on "Nelson."

AFTER DELIVERING
THE BALL

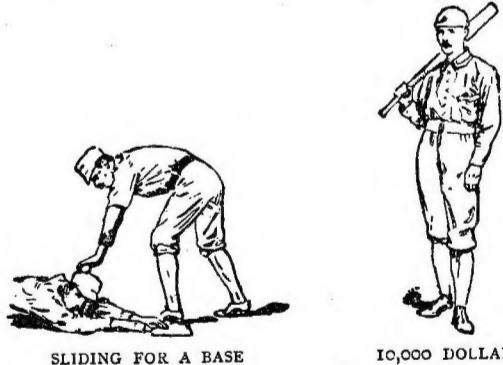
BEHIND THE BAT

receiving the ball, throws it rapidly to the second baseman, who, if he is able to touch the runner with it, puts him out. The runner, to escape being touched, generally dives and slides for ten or fifteen feet to the base. The basemen strike in turn until three are out, when the side is out, and the nine who have been in the field come in for their innings.

The game has gained a remarkable hold upon the American people. It has, in their opinion, many advantages over cricket. It is quicker and livelier, and has more diversity. A full game is usually played in two hours, or less. This enables a business-man to leave his counting-house at three o'clock and witness the game from its opening to its exciting finish. The scoring does not depend solely on the batting, but on base-running, in which fleetness of foot, pluck and daring, and indifference to injury are required. Base-running is also the low comedy of the performance, and the antics of a well-known base-runner in his efforts to elude the vigilance of the pitcher and catcher and "steal" a base, keep the audience constantly amused. This feature of the sport necessitates frequent throwing to the bases, and often occasions brilliant displays of fielding.

The excitement of the game arises in large part from local rivalry between the cities composing the playing circuits. Each of the large cities has its club, which is often an object of pride and enthusiasm. Its games at home are witnessed by thousands of spectators who pay, for entrance to the grounds, two shillings, and from two to four shillings additional for reserved seats. When the club is playing away from home the streets are thronged with crowds eager to see the results of the innings as bulletined from the newspaper offices. Some idea of the attractiveness of the sport may be gathered from the fact that, last summer, 205,000 people saw the sixty-seven games played at home by the Boston Club. The clubs in the leading cities have extensive grounds with improvements of a permanent character, including seats arranged in the form of an amphitheatre for spectators, and reading-rooms and gymnasiums for the players. The latter receive salaries ranging from eighteen hundred to five thousand dollars for the season. A crack pitcher can command from six hundred to a thousand pounds for six months' work, and as he has always one or more alternates, he really works not more than two hours a day for three days each week for this enormous sum. During the time his club is away from home he travels luxuriously in first-class saloon carriages, and is lodged at the best hotels. Although a professional, the paid ball player is not unfrequently a man of superior walk in life, the high compensation attracting students from the colleges and universities into the ranks of the players. Captain Ward, in charge of the All American Nine, is a member of the New York Bar. Scores of self-respecting young men have, like him, become professionals while completing their studies for law, medicine, dentistry, and even divinity.

The several clubs are confederated into organisations for mutual



SLIDING FOR A BASE

10,000 DOLLAR
KELLY

protection and the elevation and improvement of the game. In order to prevent the players from deserting their clubs each club has the right at the close of the season to reserve eleven of its players, and the men so reserved must either sign contracts to play during the ensuing season with the clubs reserving them or abandon playing altogether. It often happens that a club greatly desiring the services of a player under contract or reservation with another club purchases his release, and at a price which seems incredible. In 1886 the Boston Club paid two thousand pounds for the release of Kelley from the Chicago Club. He has since been known as "Ten Thousand Dollar Kelley." The Boston Club, owing to the great popularity of the player and the increased interest he gave to their games, found the transaction a profitable one financially.

NEWTON CRANE



MESSRS. OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.—"The Soldier of the Cross," written and composed by Wilfrid Mills and M. Piccolomini, is a song which reflects much credit on both poet and composer, it is published in three keys.—Two pleasing love songs are, "Waiting for Thee," a simple serenade, words by Claxton Bellamy, music by D'Auvergne Barnard, and "Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever," written and composed by Knight Summers and Oscar Verne; to the latter song there is a well-written violin obbligato.—Book 20 of "The Vesper Voluntaries for Organ, Harmonium, and American

THE BATSMAN'S
POSITIONFIRST POSITION OF
PITCHERPITCHING THE
BALL

sending the ball within the lines, and it is not caught, it may yet be fielded to the first baseman; and if the latter, standing with one foot on the bag, catches the ball thus thrown to him before the striker reaches the base, the striker is out. If, however, he reaches

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Editor of *Figaro* (London).

DEAR SIR.—As a rule no one can treat advertisements for patent medicines with more indifference than I do, but I must say that the advertisement in the *Figaro* about three weeks ago so "fetched" me, that I at once sent for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Of course, I did not expect any "magical" effects, such as were described in the *Figaro*, but still I thought I would try the saintly Oil. For many years I have had stiff knees in the winter, and last year they continued stiff and weak all through the summer. This winter they have been worse than ever. I rubbed my knees with the Oil for a few minutes, but felt nothing, not even the warm feeling of hartshorn and oil, but shortly after I felt a tingling in each knee going deeper and deeper down for more than an hour, after which, to my amazement, one-knee was quite cured, the other nearly so. A second application, the next morning, did for the ailment altogether. Now how do you account for this? Is it not almost magical? I am relating the wonder to all my friends, and advising them never to be without the patriarchal fluid.

I remain, yours sincerely, ARTHUR J. MELHUISH, 12 Old Bond Street, London, W.

[The above letter appeared in the *Figaro* on February 11th, 1888, wholly unsolicited by anyone. We believe there never was a remedy which has called forth such universal and spontaneous endorsement as St. Jacobs Oil. Its effects seem, as Mr. Melhuish says, "almost magical." People who have been crippled for years are permanently cured almost instantly by the use of this wonderful remedy.]

A MOST EXTRA-ORDINARY STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the Wellington (Salop) Journal.

DEAR SIR.—In your paper of the 20th of October I saw the account of what I considered a most extraordinary statement, wherein "Mrs. Mary Ann Foster, of 48 Greenfield Terrace, Gateshead, had been cured of rheumatism in the limbs in fifteen minutes by using St. Jacobs Oil." Now this statement of itself seemed incredible, but when the article stated further, that "for a long time her legs had been so stiff that she could not sit up in bed," that "the ligaments of her joints seemed to have grown together," and "that her case was considered hopeless," it seemed a miracle which I determined to investigate. I accordingly called on Mrs. Foster for the purpose of learning the truth. Judge of my surprise when that lady told me that every word was true. She said that for months previous to using the Oil she had been confined to her bed, suffering the most excruciating agony night and day, but that in fifteen minutes after the application she experienced relief from pain, that in less than a week she was up and about the house—a well woman. Mrs. Foster says this was more than twelve months ago, and she has not had any return of the disease. She is as well and strong as she ever was in her life, and (naturally) recommends St. Jacobs Oil to everybody—in fact, is a living advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil. I hand you these facts solely for the benefit of the public, believing that a remedial agent, possessing such wonderful power to conquer pain and relieve suffering, should be made known everywhere. I am glad to see that your journal, as well as the Press generally, is taking up the matter, which is quite right. From the foregoing it is quite clear that the Press throughout the country are moving in the right direction, by voluntarily publishing the testimony of thousands of people who have been cured by this most important discovery in medical science.—I remain,

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

46 Napier Street,

Newcastle-on-

Tyne.

FACTS.—The above statements are certainly entitled to the most serious consideration of every thinking man and woman. The names given are those of living witnesses. The statements are facts. They can be easily verified. Let the public make the investigation. Everyone will find, not only that these testimonials are genuine, but that ST. JACOB'S OIL relieves and cures rheumatism, just as surely as the sun shines in the heavens. It acts like magic. It is simple. It is safe. It is sure.

After the most thorough practical tests on invalids in hospitals and elsewhere, it received Six Gold Medals at recent International Expositions for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It cures when everything else has failed. It has cured people who have been lame and crippled with pain for over twenty years. It is an external remedy. It goes right to the spot. One thorough trial will convince the most sceptical.

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Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn Circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most moderate prices.

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Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS at 2/6 and 4/6.

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ST. JACOB'S OIL



Mr. John White, Consulting Chemist, of 97 Masbro' Street, Masbro', Yorkshire, writes:—"It gives me pleasure to report to you the following:—Mrs. Mary Healy, 4 Orchard Street, of this town, is an elderly lady, and one of my customers, who has for a long time been a confirmed invalid from rheumatism, and a combination of kindred ailments. To my knowledge she has tried all of the advertised remedies, and has had the best medical advice, yet she remained completely crippled, and suffered the greatest agony. Having known Mrs. Healy a long time, she being a near neighbour of mine, and knowing her to be completely crippled, as above stated, you may judge of my intense astonishment when she walked into my shop one morning, not long ago, apparently completely cured, free from pain and able to walk as well as anyone. In answer to my astonished enquiry for an explanation, she reminded me that just twenty-four hours before she had sent to my shop for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The first application eased the pain, and after the third application she was able to walk; she declares that she is perfectly cured, free from pain, and 'that St. Jacobs Oil is worth a thousand pounds per bottle.' The object of her visit to my shop was to request me to communicate at once to the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil the facts of her case, and to ask them to give same, together with her full name and address, the widest possible publicity, in order that others who are similarly afflicted might be induced to try this wonderful remedy. This statement may seem to many like an advertisement, but to prove that it is not so, I will answer any communications addressed to me for further particulars, and Mrs. Healy will be only too

happy to do the same, as we both consider the Oil invaluable in rheumatism, neuralgia, and all cases where an outward application is indicated."

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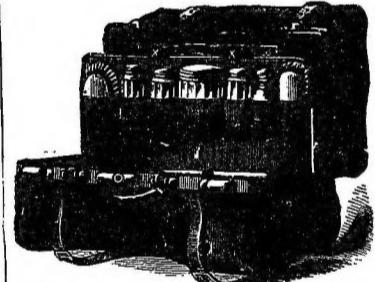
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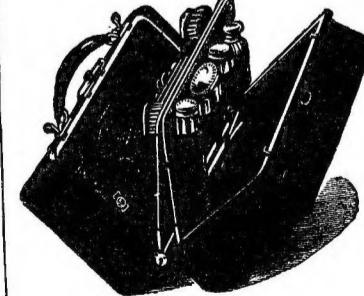
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In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches. Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair Brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes, Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes, Razor, Strop, Paper Knife, Scent Bottle, Jar, Soap Dish, Writing Case, Penholder, Razors, Scissors, Nail File, and Button Hook. Price complete, 46 with Plated Fittings, 47 10s. with Silver Fittings.

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Price £4 15s.

The New Lady's Bag. Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, Fitted complete, SILVER MOUNTS, IVORY BRUSHES. Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag. Contains Scent Box, Jar, Scent Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper Knife, Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair Brush, Velvet Brush, Looking Glass, Scissors, Button Hook, Nail File, Knife, Corkscrew.

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Made specially to your own pattern or measurement. Guaranteed sound material. Honest work. No "white slave" labour. Send for samples and price.

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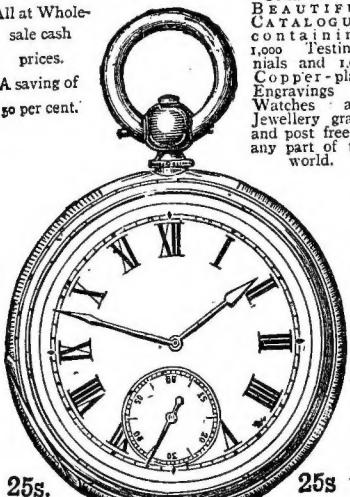
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A saving of
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Engravings of
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any part of the
world.



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LADIES' GOLD LEVERS, chased cases, 75s.
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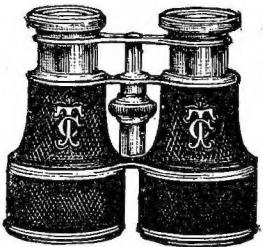
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